

# The Country Gentleman.

A Journal for the Farm, the Garden, and the Fireside.

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WHOLE No. 43.

## National Exhibition of Horses.

SPRINGFIELD (Mass.) has been, for the past week, the great center of attraction for all admirers of fine horses. Distinguished public men from all parts of the country, scores of editors, breeders and owners of the best stock in the land, and a large concourse of visitors have been in attendance through all the days of the show. We doubt whether any other exhibition will arouse popular excitement to such a pitch or hold it so long, as a display of horses. People seem never to tire of watching the motion of a high-spirited animal, and with an increase of speed they gather enthusiasm. Whatever may have been the first impressions of a National Exhibition, there is now but one opinion expressed—namely that it has been successful and highly gratifying.

The project of this exhibition had its rise in Springfield. In May last GEORGE M. ATWATER proposed to the Hampden County Agricultural Society of Mass., the holding of such an exhibition in connection with their annual Fair. The Society, however, considered the object of such an enterprise foreign to the purpose of their organization, and only appointed a committee to consider the subject. This committee in connection with Mr. ATWATER, who has been the prime mover and a most efficient agent in carrying the scheme to its successful termination, in spite of the objections which were raised on every hand, went on to mature their plans. "It was seen, by the originator of the movement, and by those who sympathized with him, that New England and the country generally were indebted to a single State for the most of their desirable valued horses. It was seen that single breeding animals had been the source of almost millions of revenue to the breeders of their respective localities, and that in the majority of the States of the Union it was almost impossible to find a horse, bred at home, that was of high value. Agricultural Societies every where had given all their attention to the breeding of cattle and sheep, the horse claiming little or no attention. Fast horses had been drawn into the hands of jockies, and were ministering to dissipation and vice on the race-course. To arouse the general attention to the importance of raising fine horses in Massachusetts, and every where throughout the country; to bring together the various favorite breeds of the country; to instruct the public mind upon this most important interest, and thus, through the increased attention paid to breeding, to meet every where at home the demand for good horses—these are the objects that have been labored for in this exhibition."

With these ends in view, a stock company was formed to secure a fund for the payment of premiums and expenses, and a Board of Managers organized, consisting of the following gentlemen, residents of Springfield:—

GEORGE DWIGHT, President.  
JAMES M. THOMPSON, Vice President.  
B. F. WARNER, Treasurer.  
WILLIAM STOWE, Corresponding Secretary.  
GEORGE M. ATWATER, Ch'man Finance Committee.  
WILLIAM PYNCHON, Ch'man Com'tee on Premiums.  
H. S. NOYES, Recording Secretary.

At this stage of proceedings, to assure the public of the character of the enterprise, the endorsal and co-

operation of the United States Agricultural Society was solicited and obtained. Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER, the President of the Society, gave his cordial support, and assisted by other members of the Executive Board, aided materially in promoting the purposes of the managers. Circulars were then issued, explaining the objects of the show, stating its rules and regulations and offering premiums to the amount of \$2,500, ranging from \$200 down to \$20. The objects of the plan met with almost universal approval, and the press throughout the Union lent their assistance.

With this brief history of the movement, we turn to notice the arrangement of the grounds, and the perfect system and regularity which was maintained through the whole exhibition. A lot of twenty-two acres of fine level sward, situated near the Armory, was fenced-in, and furnished on two of its sides with close stalls for horses, numbering more than three hundred. On the west side were arranged tiers of elevated seats capable of accommodating 4,000 spectators. Fronting the seats was the Judges' stand, and between the seats and the stand, a track fifty feet wide and a half mile in circuit was prepared. Each animal entered was designated by a card, stating the number of the entry, the name of the animal, his age, height, weight, breed, where raised, and a blank for the owner's name. Punctual to the moment appointed, horses belonging to each separate class were called to the front of the Judges' stand, and, as the numbers were announced, each animal was driven slowly in review past the stand, and then returned to its place. After this review, all were removed to a portion of the field to be more particularly examined by the Judges. We mention this as an excellent mode of conducting similar exhibitions, and also to pay the Managers the deserved compliment of carrying out their published regulations to the letter—a very unusual thing.

One marked feature of the Exhibition was the grand entry in procession of all the horses on Friday morning. The sun shone brightly, with all the mildness of an Indian summer, and the temperature was that equable mean which pleases every one. We have never seen a more pleasing spectacle than the seats crowded as they were with ladies, all alike beautiful in the distance, and all animated with the enthusiasm of the occasion. The center of the grounds, within the ring, was thronged with horses and carriages, while the course was completely surrounded with the multitude waiting in breathless expectation for the signal. It is given, and the chaos of horses within the track gradually form in order. Stallions, stately and dignified, conscious of the imposing occasion, move slowly on in their pride and strength—others tread gracefully, keeping time with the enlivening music—others, anxious to see and be seen, eye the crowd on either side and yield with contemptuous disdain to the control of the rein—matched horses, jealous of each others' beauty, seem scarcely to touch the ground—ponies come modestly along in the rear; now all are moving faster—black horses and white, bay and gray, brown and roan, chestnut and cream, are flitting past in rapid and still more rapid succession, constituting a living panorama, unique and beautiful.

We have not time or space to speak of the particular

merits of many of the horses on exhibition. The total number of entries was 375. The show of "thorough breds" was small, only six entries being made in the class, and did not attract so much attention as that in the other classes. Of stallions over seven years, there were fifty-six; between four and seven, thirty-three; three years old, seventeen; two years old, eight; one year old, seven; geldings, one hundred and nine; matched horses, thirty-three; fancy matched, sixteen; breeding mares, fifty-two; breeding mares with foal at side, nine; farm horses, seven; ponies, eighteen.

Among the first class of stallions, "Cassius M. Clay" was a favorite and received the first premium, but, to our fancy, his speed is about the only quality that commends him to breeders. Both he and his colts lack that substance and power of endurance which are as necessary in a fast horse as any other. F. A. Wier of Walpole, N. H., exhibited a chestnut Morgan horse of great beauty and fine action, seven years old, weighing 1,113 pounds, sired by Green Mountain Morgan, dam by Morgan Cook of the Rock. A. R. Mathes of Roxbury, Mass., exhibited a very showy and beautiful animal, named "Black Prince," by a Morgan horse out of an English mare. "Rush Messenger," one eighth Messenger, weighing over 1,300 pounds, shown by Hiram Reed, Augusta, Me., was one of the most valuable stallions on the grounds. B. G. Putnam of Orange, Mass., showed a solid, well made horse, named "Young Morgan," sired by Green Mountain Morgan, 15 hands high, weighing 1,150 pounds, color dapple gray.

Among the stallions from 4 to 7 years, were some very superior animals. The horse, "Paul Clifford," owned by F. M. Wilcox, Shoreham, Vt., to which the first premium was awarded in his class, is one of the best specimens of the Black Hawk family of Morgans we have ever seen. He is larger than most of the breed, weighing 1,100 pounds, and combines great muscle and bottom with fine proportions and high spirit.

A horse, named "Flying Morgan," owned by Chamberlain & Gibbs of Petersham, Mass., comes quite up to our ideal of a perfectly symmetrical animal. His height is 15 hands, weight 1,050 pounds, color bright bay, and his action splendid. His sire was Morgan Emperor, got by Bulrush Morgan.

"Flying Cloud," owned by T. T. Jackson, Flushing, L. I., is a six year old Black Hawk, of great merit and promise, and will yet be heard from on the turf.

"North Star," a four year old, by Green Mountain Morgan out of a Hamiltonian mare, owned by O. Richardson of Cummington, Mass., is worthy of note.

Of all the fine breeding mares, we have only space to mention, the Black Hawk mare "Jenny Lind," dark bay, 15½ hands high, weighing 1,200 pounds, owned by Charless W. Sherman of Vergennes, Vt. She is as perfect an animal as we ever set eyes on.

The show of geldings was very large and attractive. We cannot forbear mentioning an 8 year old chestnut of the Morgan breed, owned by Edmund Boynton of Boston. His weight is 1,000 pounds, and his style and form are most elegant.

The matched horses were not very numerous or as superior as those shown in other classes. As fine spans are frequently shown at our State and County Fairs as any on exhibition.



In looking over the list of entries we are surprised to find that so large a proportion of all the best horses are animals of the Morgan family. The pedigrees in many cases cannot be accurately traced to any of the direct descendants of the original Morgans, but the marks of the blood are not to be mistaken. Among the stallions of all ages, there were some 70 of the Morgan family of which 20 were descendants of Black Hawk. The proportion of breeding mares and geldings is nearly the same. It is only repeating the popular verdict to say that the Morgans and Black Hawks bore off the palm at the National Exhibition, the only fault found with them, being their deficiency in size.

We must not pass over the social and intellectual features of this great gathering. Thursday evening the tasteful mansion of GEORGE M. ATWATER was generously thrown open to strangers from abroad. Among the guests were GOV. SEYMOUR and CHANCELLOR WALWORTH of New-York, HON. ABBOTT LAWRENCE and HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER of Mass., and many other distinguished public men. The agricultural and secular press was largely represented, and several of the clergy gave the sanction of their presence to the occasion. The politeness of Mr. Atwater and the sumptuous entertainment made the evening pass off to universal satisfaction.

Friday afternoon, the grand agricultural banquet took place. The repast was laid in a mammoth tent, the tables appeared neat, tasteful, and, what is more, they were loaded with substantial food in great abundance, while pears and grapes of choice varieties crowned the feast. Plates were laid for 1,773 guests, and, were nearly all in requisition. A platform was elevated for the Officers, Judges and Invited Guests, and decorated in the rear with National flags, while the tables were ornamented with bouquets and baskets of choice fruit. HON. M. P. WILDER presided, and when the clatter of knives, forks and plates had ceased, he made a brief congratulatory speech, commenting upon the success and favorable omens of the occasion, the docility, beauty and usefulness of the horse, tendering his grateful acknowledgments to the residents of Springfield, and closed by proposing—

*State of New-York*—Renowned for the intelligence, wealth and enterprise of her sons, but equally so for the urbanity, energy and ability of her Chief Magistrate.

GOV. SEYMOUR replied to the sentiment, reviewing in fine style the early settlement of Massachusetts and the improvements which have been made. He regarded agriculture as the most important pursuit of the country, and thought the time not far distant when speculation would be at a fearful discount, agriculture be properly esteemed, and the principle that everything depends upon the labor of the husbandman be acknowledged as it should be. Contrasting the condition of Italy and Great Britain, he showed that very little depended upon natural advantages, and that industry is at the basis of success. He alluded to the deep interest which all our great public men have felt in farming pursuits, and the propriety of creating a just sense of their value and dignity. His remarks were well received, and evinced a well balanced, refined mind. He closed by proposing—

*The State of Massachusetts*—Her just appreciation of the honorable pursuits of industry, and the respect she pays to those who, by their intelligence, enterprise and energy, contribute to her prosperity, have elevated her to a high position among the States of the Union.

In the absence of GOV. CLIFFORD, the HON. ABBOTT LAWRENCE, thanked Gov. Seymour for the high compliment paid his State—spoke of the pleasure the exhibition had afforded him. He looked upon the horse as the great civilizer of man, more so than steam engines or electric telegraphs. He had won our battles for us and aided us in numberless ways. He thought the exhibition had met with an approval more universal than was ever awarded to any enterprise before, and that it should by all means be perpetuated. In conclusion, he gave—

*The State of Virginia*—The land of great men and patriotic.

HON. JOHN M. BOTTS of Va., arose, saying that he was not a horse talking man, so much as a horse running man. The exhibition had done credit to the State and he was proud of it. He was not so much surprised at the horses as at the men and women. He had never seen such a vast concourse of people conducting themselves with such propriety and decorum,—the credit of which he gave the ladies. He made a very happy hit at the way northerners speak of horse racing at the south. "We are all descendants of Adam, and you do precisely the same thing, in a different form, that you condemn in us. What have we seen, Sir? I will say it, because it is true. (Laughter.) We have seen conscientious and respectable gentlemen offer a premium for the best looking and fastest trotting horse that could be produced. What could you have seen at my home in Virginia? You might have seen an association of equally respectable gentlemen offer a premium for the best looking and fastest running horse. (Laughter and applause.) And I do not know, Sir, that any where in Holy Writ, the one is condemned while the other is approved." He alluded in handsome terms to the early connections of Virginia and Massachusetts in the revolution, and said that they would always be found struggling shoulder to shoulder in protecting the Union, and that Virginia had an abiding confidence in the wisdom of Massachusetts statesmen. He spoke in an impressive, eloquent, manner, and sat down amid cheers, after giving the following sentiment—

*The State of Massachusetts*—Let them say what they may, I state that the mass of her people will never choose to set themselves up against the Union of the States, or the Constitution and Laws of their country.

Ex-Gov. FLOYD of Va., spoke next in high terms of the character and purposes of the exhibition. His closing sentence is worthy a place, as it conveys a very important truth—

"I could not but feel that associations of this kind did more to harmonize the feelings of the American people, did more to perpetuate the institutions under which we live, than all the resolutions that could be written, than all the laws of Congress that could be passed, than all the sermons that could be preached.—This is a great and glorious alembic. Here we mingle together in a common object. The asperities of party contest are soothed; the exasperation of party feeling is destroyed; the invective which arises from sectional feeling vanishes forever and forever; and we come up to a pure sentiment of philanthropy and natural affection."

MR. CHAUNCEY P. HOLCOMB, of Del., was the next speaker. His remarks were practical and suggestive, and we regret that we have not room for them entire. He said the stock of thorough breeds was depreciating in England. Formerly there were horses that could run four miles and repeat at the rate of 1.40 and 1.24. Now they only ran two or three miles and did not repeat at all. The reason of this was high feeding to induce early maturity. Colts were entered to run at two years old, and were crammed with oats from the time they were foaled—as a consequence, they had no bones, no constitution. While he advised American breeders to avoid this extreme, he thought the size, and more particularly the height, of the Morgans and Black Hawks might be increased by feeding the colts more highly for the first year. He also advised crossing the stock with larger horses. He closed with some remarks about the usefulness of the horse, a quotation from Burns, to whom he claimed relationship, offering—"Health, happiness and prosperity to GEORGE M. ATWATER, the originator of the idea of a National Horse Convention," to which the gentleman replied, briefly and appropriately.

Ex-Governor COLBY, of N. H., next made a witty speech which provoked continued cheers and laughter from the audience. As an illustration, take the following:

Gentlemen, my friend from Virginia has spoken well—he has spoken well of us, as New-England men. I come from the State of New-Hampshire. We come in a little behind in the matter of horses; but I would have every other State understand that what we can not do in actual showing, we will make up in bragging. If we fail on horses, we will bring you up all standing on men. It is a given point throughout the world, that

we have raised and sent out the greatest men upon earth. I want it distinctly understood, Mr. President, that we have men at home who can stand up and lick salt off the heads of the tallest whom we have sent out. I am reminded to make one exception; I except DANIEL WEBSTER. Now, gentlemen, I want to say that what we lack in actual showing, I have made up in bragging. It is usually thought something more will come from a man who has been a Governor, than from a simple citizen. But I want to express this fact: we do not take our largest men for public men. Now, if you will believe it, sir, I got the "ex" on to my name in one short year. I served the State one year, and I came off the track in good health, a constitution as sound as a boy's, and able to go on again; but the people thought it wasn't best.

The space we have already given to the details of the interesting proceedings at Springfield, forbids us to speak particularly of the speeches of Rev. Mr. Huntington, of Boston, Mr. Bigelow, of the New-York Evening Post, Dr. Holmes, editor of the Maine Farmer, and Mayor Rice, of Springfield. At the close of the speaking the Premiums awarded were read, and thus closed the First National Exhibition of Horses. The Premium animals were shown on Saturday, and a public auction sale took place. The bidding was not spirited, and no very high prices were obtained. The entire receipts for tickets sold and entry fees amount to nearly \$10,000, and will more than cover the expenses.

The entire award of Premiums we give below.

#### THOROUGH-BRED HORSES.

*Judges.*—Col. T. P. ANDREWS, U. S. A.; JOSEPH H. BILLINGS, Mass.; G. A. AUSTIN, Vt.; J. H. GODWIN, New-York.

#### Stallions.

First and only premium of \$100 to "Bob Logic," owned by J. H. Hutchins, Montreal, Canada.

#### Brood Mares.

1. To "Lady Digby," owned by Jas. Turner, Boston, \$100
2. To "Lady Sussex," owned by Dr. J. G. Bunting, Lewis Co., N. Y., 50
3. To "Jenny Lind," owned by A. L. Bingham, Cornwall, Vt., 25

#### STALLIONS OF 7 YEARS AND OLDER.

*Judges.*—Hon. JOHN M. BOTTS, Va.; Maj. JAMES HAMELL, Penn.; Col. THOMAS ADAMS, Mass.

1. To "Cassius M. Clay," owned by J. H. Godwin, New-York, \$200
  2. To Morrell horse owned by F. Morrell, Danville, Vt., 100
  3. To "Rush Messenger," owned by Hiram Reed, Augusta, Me., 50
  4. To "Black Morgan," owned by Francis Twitchell, Jr., Petersham, Mass., 25
- Gratuities of \$10 each were awarded as follows:—  
To "Ashuelot Morgan," owned by Taft & Bowen, Richmond, N. H.; "Rattler," owned by James Brigant, Kingsbury, N. Y.; "John Anderson," owned by C. P. Currie, N. Y.; "Oscar," owned by Wm. M. Olcott, Michigan; "Deerfield Morgan," owned by F. A. Wier, Walpole, N. H.; "Lone Star," owned by H. Ball, N. Y.; "Chesterfield Morgan," owned by E. B. Cavender, Keene, N. H.; "Bay Kentucky Hunter," owned by H. A. Longley, Belchertown; "Bay State Morgan," owned by John Chapin, Greenfield; "Flying Morgan," owned by R. M. Adams, Burlington, Vt.

#### STALLIONS OF 4 TO 7 YEARS.

*Judges.*—MOSES NEWELL, Mass.; JAS. M. WAYNE, Ga.; BENJ. THURSTON, Mass.; WARREN DELANO, Jr., N. Y.; JAMES DEWOLF PERRY, R. I.

1. To "Paul Clifford," owned by Hudson & Wilcox, Vt., \$100
  2. To "Flying Morgan," owned by John Chamberlain and Hiram Gibbs, Mass., 50
  3. To "Young Black Hawk," owned by S. Hooper, Ms. 25
- A gratuity of \$15 to "Flying Cloud," owned by Timothy T. Jackson, Flushing, L. I.  
A gratuity of \$10 to "Canadian Leopard," owned by Ira Griffin, Mass.  
A gratuity of \$10 to "Raven," owned by Robbins Battell, Norwalk, Ct.  
Diplomas to "North Star," "Flying Cloud," "Raven," "Cub," "Black Hawk," "Young Eclipse," and "Black Hawk."

#### COLTS.

*Judges.*—DR. E. HOLMES, Me.; SHELDON P. LEAVITT, N. Y.; GEO. D. WHEELER, N. Y.; J. W. PROCTOR, Mass.

#### Stallions of three years old.

1. John R. Briggs, Springfield, \$50
  2. Levi Coe, Middletown, Ct., 25
  3. Barnes Davis, Vernon, N. Y., 20
- A discretionary premium to Edson A. Burchard, Shoreham, Vt.  
A diploma to E. C. Brooks, Lawrence, N. H.  
For best Filly.—The premium of \$25 to Edmund Bush, Sheffield, Mass.

#### Stallions of two years old.

1. Isaac Crispell, Hurley, N. Y., \$25
  2. Mala Cowles, Belchertown, Mass., 20
- A diploma to Solomon West, East Brookfield, Mass. Also to Geo. A. Hunt, Hartford, Ct., for two year old gelding.  
A diploma for best Filly of two years to John H. Coffing, Great Barrington, Mass. The premium for best filly of two years was not awarded, there being only this single entry.

#### Stallions of one year old.

1. T. T. Jackson, Flushing, L. I., \$25
  2. Nelson Richards, Panton, Vt., 20
- Diploma to Capt. W. A. Newman, U. S. A., Vergennes, Vt.



## MATCHED HORSES.

Judges.—CHAUNCEY P. HOLCOMB, Del.; EDWARD HARRIS, N. J.; J. D. NORTON, D. C.; HORATIO SERGEANT, Mass.; JOSEPH WARREN, N. Y.

1. Lewis Gale, Barre, Vt., \$100
  2. L. B. Chapman, Windsor Locks, Ct., 50
  3. M. H. Griffin, Middletown, Ct., 25
  4. S. C. Hall, Manchester, N. H., 20
  5. T. J. Shepard, Springfield, Mass., 20
- Diplomas to L. A. Phillips, Providence, R. I.; Nathan Bassett, Columbia Co., N. Y.; J. H. Tuttle, Ct.; Lathrop & Shepard, Mass.; David P. Foot, Ct.; Genery Twitchell, Boston.

## FANCY MATCHED HORSES.

Judges.—EX-GOV. ANTHONY COLBY, New-Hampshire; DR. MEADE, R. I.; HENRY FULLER, Mass.; CHARLES H. CHILDS, Ga.; GEORGE J. PUMPELY, N. Y.; BENJAMIN WHEELER, Mass.

1. D. Sanderson, Somerville, N. J., \$100
  2. Doty & Hubbard, Montpelier, Vt., 50
  3. Francis T. Cordis, Longmeadow, Mass., 25
  4. James Reed, Palmer, Mass., 25
  5. Josiah Crosby, North Andover, Mass., 20
- Diploma to J. Wilcox, 2d, Meriden, Ct.

## GELDINGS.

Judges.—WM. S. KING, Boston, Mass.; JOHN S. WALKER, New-Hampshire; J. S. F. HUDDLESTON, Mass.; ALBERT S. GALLUP, R. I.

1. To "Daniel Webster," owned by Ebenezer Flagg, Worcester, Mass., \$100
2. (no name,) owned by A. F. Smith, Worcester, 50
3. To "Billy Grey," owned by Francis Twitchell, Framingham, Mass., 20
4. To "New-England," owned by Geo. R. Wesson, Worcester, Mass., 20

Diplomas to Dr. Bates, Worcester, Henry Adams, Lowell, Mass.; Jeremiah Sheldon, Burrillville, R. I.; S. H. Dumas, Concord, N. H.; William Beardsley, Albany, N. Y.; Geo. Thompson, Boston, John Goodrich, Springfield, Mass.; Wm. P. Peff, Albany; Warren Clifford, Worcester; J. B. Crosby, Boston; Charles Robinson, Fishkill Plains, N. Y.; Mr. Green of Amsterdam, N. Y. and Geo. Lovejoy, Lowell, Mass.

## BREEDING MARES.

Judges.—B. V. FRENCH, Mass.; W. H. LADD, Ohio; M. GOWDY, N. Y.; W. PYNCHON, Mass.; THOMAS MOTLEY, Jr., Mass.

1. Charles W. Sherman, Vergennes, Vt., \$100
  2. J. T. DeWolf, Bristol, R. I., 50
  3. George A. Kibbe, Springfield, Mass., 25
  4. Amos Felch, Limerick, Me., 20
- Diplomas were awarded to Otis Learned, Oxford, Mass.; Francis Willson, Hinesburgh; William Beardsley, Albany; Orrin How, Hardwick, Mass.; Stillman French, Keene, N. H.; Henry Alexander, Jr., Springfield; Philip Bacon, Simsbury, Ct.; Geo. M. Atwater, Springfield; Benjamin Pease, Warehouse-Point, Ct.; F. Stiles, Jr., Clappville, Mass.

## BREEDING MARES WITH FOAL BY THEIR SIDE.

1. E. P. Walton, Montpelier, Vt., \$100
  2. Judson Nichols, Flushing, N. Y., 50
  3. Robert Pomeroy, Pittsfield, Mass., 20
- Diplomas were awarded to George Sweetland, Springfield, Mass.; B. W. Hamilton, West Hartford, Ct.; Robt. Tucker, Ware.

## FARM OR DRAUGHT HORSES.

Judges.—REV. MR. SEWALL, Mass.; HENRY FULLER, Jr., Mass.; THOS. HANCOCK, N. J.; HENRY A. DYER, Ct.; GEORGE P. DELAPLAIN, Wis.

## Pairs of Horses.

1. C. Fonda, Clifton Park, N. Y., \$50
2. H. J. Chapin, Springfield, 25
3. E. Trask, Springfield, 20

## Single Horses.

1. First premium (not awarded), \$25
2. E. & E. A. Rice, West Meriden, Ct., the only entry, 20

## PAIRS OF PONIES.

Judges.—JOHN BARSTOW, Ct.; C. W. BELLows, Mass.; S. J. CAPEN, Mass.; HOMER FOOT, Mass.; E. DICKINSON, Mass.

1. J. L. Briggs, Springfield, Mass., \$50
  2. Warren Daniels, Bellows Falls, Vt., 25
  3. John Moulton, Framingham, Mass., 20
- Diplomas were awarded to William Jay, Jr., N. Y., and L. V. H. Crosby, Springfield, Mass.

## SINGLE PONIES.

1. P. T. Kirby, Half Moon, N. Y., \$25
  2. James Bird, Hartford, Ct., 20
- Diplomas were awarded to James Reed, Palmer, Mass.; Dan'l P. Riley, Salem, Mass.; R. P. Brown, Palmer, Mass.; U. Bowen, Richmond, N. H.

## Experiment with Indian Corn.

EDITORS OF THE CULTIVATOR.—At the request of a number of my neighbors and friends, I transmit to you the result of an experiment made by myself the present season in raising corn.

At the time of gathering my crop of corn last fall, I procured a number of stalks, each having two ears upon it, which I reserved for seed last spring. On the 17th of May last, I planted two rows of corn, 20 rods long; the seed for which I took from the ears which grew nearest the root of the stalks preserved as above; I then planted two rows adjoining, the seed for which I took from the ears which grew the highest upon the stalks preserved last fall.

These four rows had equal care and attention during the season. The two planted from the corn which grew nearest the root, grew more rapidly and eared better than the other. The four rows were cut up Sept. 19th. I husked out ten hills from each two rows Oct. 8th, and for my own satisfaction weighed the corn, in the ear. The weight of the ears taken from the ten hills planted from corn growing nearest the root, was 17½ pounds, while the weight of the ears which grew on the other ten hills was 9½ pounds. I am fully satisfied from the result of this experiment, that farmers should preserve, not the largest ears which grow on the stalk for seed, but those growing nearest the root of the stalk. JOHN BENNETT. *Bloomington, Sullivan Co., Oct. 15.*

## Death of John Delafield.

It is our painful duty to record the death of JOHN DELAFIELD, of Oaklands, Seneca county, which melancholy event occurred suddenly at his residence, Saturday, Oct. 22. Thus another of the most active and efficient advocates of agricultural improvement has closed his labors and gone to his last resting-place. To his friends, Mr. DELAFIELD was known as an enthusiastic, whole-souled man, ever zealous in some good work. For many years he has been prominent in promoting the agricultural interests of the State.

Since the expiration of his term of Presidency of the State Agricultural Society, nearly two years ago, he has devoted himself to establishing an Agricultural College, which he believed to be an imperative want. He has lived to see his favorite project almost realized, as he assured us only a few days before his decease that its prospects were encouraging, and he hoped soon to see it in successful operation. The many who have known him will join us in deploring his loss as a public calamity, and in expressing a high appreciation of his excellence in both public and private capacity.

## Seneca County.

Ten years ago, and this county did not assemble a score of animals for exhibition! This year about 400 animals of full blood and high grades, were exhibited on a beautifully arranged fair ground in the busy manufacturing village of Waterloo.

This village, covering a wide area on both sides of the Seneca river, resounds with the hum of the woolen and cotton factories, the heavy blow of forge hammers, and the musical click-clack of grain mills. This village, rejoicing in its own prosperity, induced the lords of the soil to hold their annual festival within their corporate bounds, by the solid argument of \$650, contributed to the funds of the society. Thus reinforced *The Fair Grounds* were substantially inclosed by a high board fence, covering an area of six acres. The entrance gates,—business office, and ticket offices, were on the southern side, occupying the lowest portion of the grounds. Ascending a gentle slope directly in front of the main entrance, you reach the speakers' tent, elliptical in form, with seats rising in tiers to the top of the wall screen, affording comfort to 2,500 persons—the area was floored with planed and jointed boards. The speakers' platform was wide and large enough to give luxurious seats to all the officers and the executive board; chandeliers, and lamps pendent from the huge tent poles and temporary frames, indicated a prolonged visit to this fairy palace. Near to this spacious tent was the Santa Claus, or Saint Nicholas tent of the society; furnishing a steady stream of viands, for the thousands whose appetites seemed to grow with the very food it fed on; pure water was the beverage which, by unanimous consent, alone stimulated the pleasures of the week. Beyond these tents were large inclosures of cattle, sleek, fat and inviting. We understand that 30 head of noble beasts were sent in by a farmer Judge of Seneca Falls; five noble yoke of sturdy oxen, the property of a Seneca farmer, produced irresistible influences upon the pockets of eastern visitors. A prominent farmer of Cayuga, carried off in triumph four remarkable animals of the short horn

breed, raised by Mr. Bacon, one of the earliest friends of that class of animals, and whose public spirit led him to the importation of the best stock from England in 1834. The President of the society had very fine stock on the ground. He was proof against temptation, intending, as is said, to give the new agricultural college, the benefit of his choicest stock. Sheep and swine in large numbers were found arranged along the entire northern and western fences of the inclosure; and along the southern fence was a display of the feathered tribe, far exceeding in beauty of plumage and of arrangements for their protection, any thing seen at the State fairs. The horse and cattle rings occupied areas of 200 feet diameter, affording space for a display of horses of all ages and characters, such as is rarely seen. Thousands of eager spectators, amateurs and purchasers thronged the horse ring for two days; so great was the number exhibited.

The Mechanics' tent was not as full as might have been expected in this County. The Floral tent, and Household products, made ample amends for the deficiency of Mechanics—extraordinary needle-work, in a variety of styles, evinced the handy-work of Seneca's fair daughters,—so also did the butter and cheese, while Horticultural products proved that these fairs have done more than any other means to awaken farmers to improvement, and the laudable desire to excel. Many new varieties of fruits, flowers and vegetables, ornamented the long ranges of tables, presenting new elements for rivalry. A long list of articles under the head of discretionary objects, or articles, contained matter for consideration and thought.

A reference to the list of awards can alone present them duly to the public eye. They were far too numerous for this rapid notice. It was supposed that 4,000 persons were on the grounds during the first day. And on the second day, we heard the number estimated from 6,000 to 10,000. The society's immense tent was crowded by seven o'clock, p. m. The President, with his lady and party, appeared on the floor a few minutes after seven, and a collection of happier persons never was before assembled; the dancing opened with fifty sets of cotillions—a full band gave life to the scene, and sustained the nimble spirit of mirth, till the morning opened her golden gates, and the busy day claimed the attendance of all her industrious sons,—and made even "a July's day appear as short as December's." Nearly twenty-five hundred persons were thus made happy and joyous by the *Harvest Home*.

On the last day, multitudes gathered on the farm of the Rev. Mr. LANE to witness the plowing match. Thirteen plows started for the prizes—many of which were doubly won, by excellent work.

At one o'clock of this day the large tent began to fill; every seat was occupied before two o'clock, when the President, Mr. DELAFIELD, called the Society to order. A beautiful extempore prayer, filled with praise and thanksgiving, was offered by the Reverend pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church of Waterloo; at the close of which, Mr. DELAFIELD stated that "Colonel B. P. JOHNSON had not yet arrived, from whose lips all present would have gathered wisdom, and from whose experience all would have derived improvement in their agricultural systems and practice." Mr. DELAFIELD apprehended that some accident, or unavoidable event had interfered with Col. JOHNSON's intentions and the farmers' hopes. He then proposed reading the reports and awards of the Judges, which occupied the Society the remainder of the day. The President made appropriate remarks and adjourned the meeting after three days of festivity, free from every appearance of error—days entitled to the top of admiration, and worth what's dearest to the world. \*

A New Agricultural, Mechanical and Scientific paper, profusely illustrated with engravings, called the "People's Journal," is shortly to be published in New-York, monthly, by Mr. ALFRED E. BEACH, formerly of the New-York Sun. Terms 50 cts. a volume of six months.



### Hollow Brick for Buildings.

Several inquiries having been made relative to the new hollow brick, which attracted so much attention at the great London Exhibition last year, we copy the following description and remarks from E. P. JOHNSON'S Report, published in the last volume of the State Agricultural Transactions. A block of model houses built of this brick, was exhibited by Prince Albert opposite the Crystal Palace, designed for four families, the walls, partitions, floors, and roofs, being wholly of hollow brick, the roofs being formed of flat arches secured by iron rods connected with cast-iron springers resting on the external walls and binding the whole structure together, and rendering it perfectly fire proof:—

The most important advantages derivable from the use of hollow bricks, are dryness and warmth, as well as economy of construction. The evils resulting from the absorption of moisture by common bricks and other porous materials are obviated, and the battening of the walls is unnecessary. Hollow brick may be made with any good tile machine, in the same manner as ordinary draining pipes, and at about the same cost in proportion to the clay used. They are more compressed, require less drying, and with much less fuel are better burned than ordinary bricks, even when waste heat, or that in the upper part of the kiln only, is used.

The saving in brickwork effected by the use of the patent bricks, when made at a fair price, will be from twenty-five to thirty per cent. on their cost, with a reduction of twenty-five per cent. on the quantity of mortar, and a similar saving on the labor, when done by accustomed workmen. The process of drying is much more rapid than in common brickwork, and the smoothness of the internal surface of walls built with the patent bonded brick renders plastering, in many instances, quite unnecessary, whereby a further saving is effected not only in the first cost, but also in the subsequent maintenance. If glazed on the outer face, as may be done with many clays, a superior finished surface is obtainable without plaster.

The annexed elevation and section show a wall nine inches thick; the same principle, with some variation in the form of the internal bricks, will apply to any thickness of wall. (See fig. 1 and 2.)

The dimensions of the bricks being unlimited, a size has been chosen which, with the omission of the headers, reduces by about one-third, the number of joints, and greatly improves the appearance of the work, giving it more boldness of effect and resemblance to stone than that of ordinary brickwork—twelve inches in length, including the joints, three courses rise one foot in height; a size equally convenient for the workmen in the manufacture, and the use of the bricks—whilst less liable to damage in moving than bricks of larger size, their form admits of ready handling and stowage for transport.

Nine patent hollow bricks of the size before described will do as much walling as sixteen ordinary bricks, whilst the weight of the former but little exceeds that of the latter, an important consideration in reference to carriage, as well as the labor in using.

When passing through the machine, or in the process of drying, any number may be readily splayed at the ends for gables, or marked for closures, and broken off as required in use; or they may be perforated for the purpose of ventilation. If nicked with a sharp-pointed hammer, they will break off at any desired line; and the angles may be taken off with a trowel as readily as those of a common brick.

A sufficient proportion of good facing bricks may be selected from an ordinary burning, and in laying them, a much better bond will be obtained than is usually given in common brickwork.

The bricks for the quoins and jambs may be made either solid or perforated; and with perpendicular holes, either circular, square, or octagonal, those in the quoins may be so arranged as to serve for ventilating shafts. Stone will be found equally applicable for the quoins and jambs, and the appearance of the work be thereby improved.

The above section is also illustrative of the construction adopted in H. R. H. Prince Albert's Model Houses. The span of the arches being increased over the Living Rooms to 10 feet 4 inches, with a proportionate addition to their rise. The external springers are of cast iron, with brick cores, connected by wrought iron tie rods.

The French hollow brick, which were made in the Palace by their brick machine, constructed after the plan, somewhat of the title machines, were different in form from the English. They are about 5 inches by 6, with square holes through the brick. They are much stronger than the English. When put under pressure, it required about one third more pressure to crush the French brick, than it did the English. The expense of manufacture is about the same. It is said, that in some late excavations in England, hollow

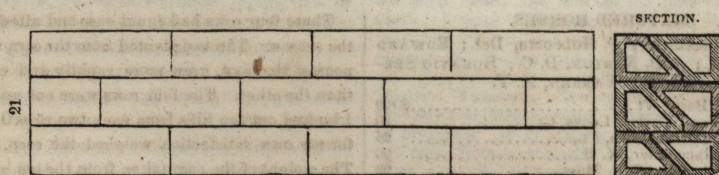
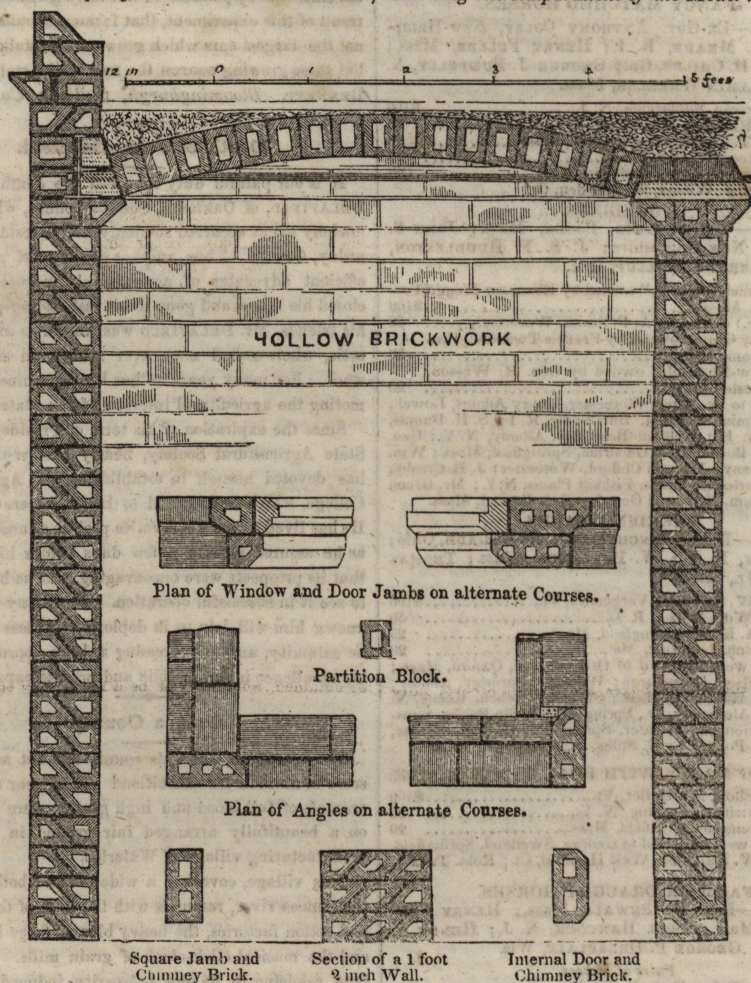


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

*Illustrative Example of Hollow Brick Construction, exhibiting one compartment of the Model Structure.*



brick have been found among the Roman remains in good preservation, and portions of wall joined together not materially different from those of the present day.

From the observation I was enabled to make in relation to this improvement, it seems to me one of great practical importance, and which can be readily introduced into this country, and is certainly of as much importance to us as to any other nation.

NOTE—Since this report was prepared, I have been informed that arrangements are already making for the introduction of hollow brick in this State. Mr. Joseph E. Holmes, of Fishkill Landing, who was at the World's Fair as the representative of Dicks' Anti Friction Presses, and a most intelligent and observing mechanic, has since his return, in connection with Mr. F. B. Taylor, invented machinery for the manufacture of hollow brick for building purposes. I am rejoiced at this, and cannot doubt Mr. Holmes' success.

### Duration of Posts.

The result of forty years experience and observation, with me, is that common fence posts set in the ground green, and butt end downwards will last, in a sandy loam, about ten years. The same set in like situation, inverted, will last fifteen or eighteen years. The same timber, (and soil of the same,) well seasoned before setting will last eight or ten years longer. I speak of good white chestnut or white oak. Timber cut in the old of the moon in February, will not be eaten by worms, will not snap in burning, and will last much longer made into posts than when cut at any other time. I have chestnut and white oak posts standing well that were set twenty-eight years ago. O. BRIGHAM, in N. E. Farmer.

A NEW SEIDLITZ POWDER.—A new Seidlitz powder, in one paper, is now used, and found to be as useful as any. It is composed of one part of bicarbonate of soda,

and two parts of bitartrate of soda. Half a teaspoonful is dissolved in spring water.

### Chloroform for Bees.

An article appeared in *The Courant* a short time ago with reference to my discovery regarding the Chloroforming of bees, communicated, as I have since learned, by a scientific friend, to whom I casually mentioned the circumstance. This has called forth several inquiries as to the quantity of Chloroform required, the time occupied in the operation, the mode of performing, &c., which I think can only be answered through the same medium in which the first communication was made, viz., your widely-circulated journal.

The quantity of Chloroform required for an ordinary hive is the sixth part of an ounce; a very large hive may take nearly a quarter of an ounce. My mode of operation is as follows: I set down a table opposite to, and about four feet distant from the hive; on the table I spread a thick linen cloth; in the centre of the table I place a small shallow breakfast plate, which I cover with a piece of wire gauze, to prevent the bees from coming in immediate contact with the Chloroform; and into this plate I pour the Chloroform. I now quickly and cautiously lift the hive from the board on which it is standing, set it down on the top of the table, keeping the plate in the centre; cover the hive closely up with cloths, and, in twenty minutes or so, the bees are not only sound asleep, but contrary to what I have seen when they are suffocated with sulphur, not one is left among the combs; the whole of them are lying helpless on the table. You now remove what honey you think fit, replace the hive in its old stance, and the bees, as they recover, will return to their domicile.

A bright, calm, sunny day is the best; and you should commence your operations in the morning before many of them are abroad. DAVID SMITH, in *Edinburgh Evening Courant*.



## The Grazier.

### Salting Hay and Cattle.

To the Editor of the Country Gentleman:

SIR—I have been much interested in the remarks of your correspondents upon the subject of salting hay, and of salting stock in the winter; and am pleased to observe that the better opinion as to the salting of hay is against the practice. Upon my farm it has never obtained, and perhaps the following circumstance may have conducted to the course.

In an early day in this County, and that was not many years since, a landed proprietor, who was engaged in supplying the Quebec market with masts, and of course had many ox teams in his business, sold a farm to a shrewd and not over scrupulous person, who was to pay for the same in well salted, and cured hay, at twenty dollars per ton. As salt was very much cheaper than hay at such a price, the consequence was, that a small bundle of hay would weigh the ton, and no question could arise as to its being "well salted." A further consequence was, that every animal in these immense teams soon had a sore mouth, scoured, became weak and reduced to a pack of scurvy bound bones.—Great complaint was made by the poor beasts, but their ignorant drivers could not discover the cause. The next winter the same thing was repeated until the farm was paid for, when the poor oxen began to rejoice once more with sleek hides, that they might eat no more salt than they desired.

With regard to the salting of cattle in winter, the practice upon my farm, where a hundred head or more are usually wintered, is this: the cattle are mostly stabled—having good boxes from which to eat—the stalks and coarse fodder cut—not fed so closely as to eat every thing—the boxes are cleared of orts daily and fed to colts and such few cattle as may be out, two or three mornings in the week. After they have been picked over, the remains are raked and gathered into numerous small heaps upon the clean snow, in several yards, about ten o'clock of the day, and wet with good fresh brine. The cattle in the stalls having had their roots, are let out, and these little heaps of orts are not long in disappearing. The remains, if any, are of "no particular harm" to the manure heap. In this way, cattle not being fed for beef upon turnips will obtain all the salt they require; but, if fed upon turnips for the shambles, they will require salt by them constantly. Beef made by turnip feeding tastes strongly of the root unless salt be used unsparingly; a gill may be thrown upon the roots for an ox, daily, without harm, and even then, it is safer to feed the meal of coarse grain a month before marketing.

Respectfully yours,  
H. G. FOOTE.  
Ogdensburgh, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., Oct. 12, 1853.

### Training Steers.

A writer over the signature of L. M., in the January number of the Cultivator, requests information as to the mode of breaking steers. Having had some experience in that thing I am induced to throw in my mite, but if the views should prove of no use, let them pass as worthless. I will speak of steers that have not been gentled by handling. Take a strong rope, such as is used for digging wells, to one end of which make a noose and knot to go over the horns; the knot is to prevent the noose from closing too tight, thereby causing pain unnecessarily to the animals, as they are very sensitive about the root of the horn; bore a two inch auger hole in the side of a planked house, through which draw the rope, until there is enough to give the animal room to lie down; the second one in like manner, just so close that they can not poke each other. Let them stand in that position for four or five days, or until they are satisfied by handling that they can not pull away; then put a Napoleon halter on them separately and lead them

about in company of each other, say round a field, and they will soon lead like dogs: then tie them to the original ropes, put the yoke on, tie their tails together with a leather strap in the long hair at end of tails, to prevent them sidling off and turning the yoke. If it should possibly occur that they get into difficulty the strap can be cut. Walk them about till they get a little jaded, without hitching to any thing the first time. When you want to take the yoke off, tie up to the original ropes, and a few times repeated, they will want nothing but to be shown how to work, which I prefer doing by cutting a small sapling or pole about 15 feet long; put one end in the ring of the yoke and the other resting on the ground. When they are put to work, I prefer, as the best place, between the harrow and a gentle pair of oxen, the driver holding the young ones by a rope or Napoleon halter and guiding the leaders by the whip. They follow their kind better than horses, and on plowed ground they soon tire and get gentle; and further, there is no necessity of being as particular where the harrow goes, as if it was a plow, and a wheel vehicle might sometimes move too fast. In the fore part I allude to a planked house, because there would be no place for a fractious steer to get his horns fast. I have been in the habit of tying them by ropes, to yoke, until they became sufficiently gentle to dispense with it. A MARYLANDER.

### Salt for Cattle.

Observing for some time past the interesting discussions in newspapers concerning the use of salt for cattle, I was reminded of a circumstance I have often noticed in England, of stablemen placing a large piece of rock salt in the horse's manger. This the animals are often licking, until, in time, the whole disappears, and it is said to make the horses more contented, and their coats lay "sleeker." Where this substance can be obtained, would it not be a ready way of allowing animals to take as much salt as instinct guides them is necessary? E. SANDERS.

### The Horses of the Sahara.

The French General Dumas, director of affairs in Algeria, has just published an interesting and original work on the Horses of the African desert, in which he gives all the experiences of Abd-el-Kader and other Arab chiefs, as well as his own. The Journal des Debats contains a summary of this work, from which the following passages are translated:

The horse of the true breed (hoor) has his position amongst the Arabs of the desert like the date tree. According to his age he bears a different name, and is even more famed for his exploits than for his genealogy. The horse is of the true race, which after a long journey shakes himself, paws the ground, neighs when a feed of barley is offered to him, which he begins to eat eagerly after smelling it three or four times. It is of the horse of this kind that the Arabs say, 'Give him barley and abuse him.' If a horse neighs with joy at the sight of an oasis and seems to salute, with graceful movements of his head, the green trees and the flowing waters; if he never drinks without disturbing the water, and always drinks without bending his knee, and so as to mark, by an undulating line from the croup to the head, the flexible curve of his body; if his nostrils dilate continually; if his eyes are always in movement; if his ears rise and fall alternately; if, at the least noise, he quivers without changing place, he is of noble blood. He can bear thirst, hunger, and fatigue. 'Give him barley and abuse him.'

But if the Tell, the region of grain, is closed against the horse of the Sahara, he is able to pass the whole year without barley; and yet, to perform journeys of 30 leagues a day, without any other nourishment than dates and the coarse herbage of the desert—the alfa which makes him travel, the gnetof which makes him fight, and the gnetof which is even better than barley. It was thus that Abd-el-Kader, driven from the Tell, passed like a flash of lightning from one extremity to the other of Moghreb, without making a single halt, and often at the head of a thousand horsemen.

Abd-el-Kader himself, in his letter to General Dumas, gives examples of the powers of endurance of the desert horses, which would be incredible, if he had not proved them to be true at our expense. He speaks, amongst others, of a gallop of five or six hours a day, continued for 25 successive days, which suppose a distance of 25 leagues (75 miles) traversed every day.

This is not all, adds the Emir: A horse traveling every day, and which eats as much barley as it pleases, can continue this for three or four months, without resting a single day.

As to the swiftness of the Barbary horse, a fact is cited by General Dumas which will give an approximate idea of it. A French general, suddenly arrested at Oran, required to see certain papers which he had left at Tlemcen. Tlemcen is 35 leagues (105 miles) from Oran, and the route which separates them is cut up by mountains and ravines. The arrested general confided his barb to an Arab messenger, who promised to return on the following day. He arrived, in fact, at the same hour the following day with the documents in question. The horse had traveled 70 leagues (210 miles) through a difficult country, having halted only once and been fed once.

As some mention is often made of the greater or smaller difference which exists between the Barbary and the Arab horse, let us speak, in passing, of the manner in which the breed of horses is tried in the two countries. The nejdih (the horse of Arabia) is tried by being made to gallop seven leagues (21 miles) in a certain time, and then to eat a measure of barley. In Algeria the trial is the same in result, but different in the manner. The horse under trial must race with three relays of fresh horses, over distances of three leagues each, and arrive first at the goal each time. If he is successful, and after that eats barley, his master is reputed a fortunate man throughout the whole of Sahara, and the horse's renown is without rival.

It is curious to compare, in point of view of the locomotion gained by means of the horse, the habits of the South American horsemen with those of the Arab. Here we have, in place of the desert of sand, the Sahara, the desert of grass, the Pampas. The Pampas are 800 leagues across, and in these almost limitless plains live, in an almost wild state, innumerable herds of horses. The Guacho, in the midst of the wilderness, selects the horse which he determines to ride, throws the lasso over it, drags the horse thus caught to him, saddles it, and gallops along. After three or four hours of furious riding the horse falls, and the rider continues his course on another caught in the same way. Thus the Guacho, mounting horse after horse, performs a journey of 100 leagues in 24 hours.

The Arab has not the resource of the Sahara in changing his horse at will, and the nature of the soil of Africa renders this mode of riding impossible. In the Pampas the horse is seldom worth more than 50*fr.* The price of a horse sometimes rises to 20,000*fr.* in the Sahara. The former horse only performed two or three journeys of 30 leagues in his life; the latter can recommence on the morrow a journey of 60 leagues.

## Domestic Economy.

### Worth Knowing—Burns.

Some of the papers have had a paragraph recommending the use of *wheat flour* in the case of scalds or burns. A gentleman at Dayton writes that he tested it to his satisfaction. He says:

While at the supper table, a little child which was seated in its mother's lap, suddenly grasped hold of a cup of hot tea, severely scalding its left hand and arm. I immediately brought a pan of flour and plunged the arm into it, covering entirely the parts scalded with the flour. The effect was truly remarkable—the pain was gone instantly. I then bandaged the arm loosely, applying plenty of flour next to the skin, and on the following morning there was not the least sign that the arm had been scalded—neither did the child suffer the least pain after the application of the flour.

Reader, do you bear this little fact in mind, if a similar occasion offers.

REMARKS.—We have ourselves experienced the soothing effects of wheat flour years since. A watery rash broke out under the arm, the effect of heat and sweat in the field, and having nothing else at hand we rubbed on some dry flour. It alleviated the pain at once, and as we think was the cause of its healing, as it did speedily. We can readily perceive after this personal trial of its virtues that the above statement of the Dayton gentleman is not an exaggeration.—Ohio Farmer.

SKIN DISEASES.—For some eruptions on the face, borax is an excellent remedy. The way to use it is to dissolve an ounce of borax in a quart of water, and apply this with a fine sponge every evening before going to bed. This will smoothe the skin when the eruptions do not proceed from an insect, working under the cuticle. Many persons' faces are disfigured by red eruptions caused by a small creature working under the skin. A very excellent remedy is to take the flour of sulphur and rub it on the face dry, after washing it in the morning. Rub it well with the fingers, and then wipe it off with a towel. There are many who are not a little ashamed of their faces, who can be completely cured if they follow these directions.



## Horticultural Department.

## The Curculio.

We think the time will come when there will be a cheap and perfect remedy for the curculio. We believe so, because the same kind of intelligent being that devised the steam engine, printing press, and electric telegraph, is on his trail. It may be a long time before it is accomplished, but quite as probably near at hand. Whatever men undertake, that they accomplish, provided they persevere. Doubtless a list of ten thousand fruit cultivators might be made up in the different States of this Union, who would each give two hundred and fifty dollars to be set forever free from the annoyance. This would be only the little sum of two and a half millions, and may be regarded as the measurement of the desire of intelligent fruit men. So strong a pressure in this direction must certainly accomplish something.

With the hope of rendering some assistance in the work, we publish from time to time whatever we find bearing on the subject. In a late number of the Michigan Farmer, we observe a successful application reported of the plan we have occasionally placed before our readers, that is, plunging them into a pail of hot water from a sheet of spread muslin. We are informed that Wm. B. Mead, of Salem, Michigan, had upon his trees this year twenty or thirty bushels of plums, which he saved by scalding the insects. He made a large sheet containing twenty yards of cotton cloth, with an opening to the center, to pass the tree. This was spread on the ground and the tree well shaken. [A better way is to jar with the stroke of an axe, on the short stump of a sawed limb.] The first time doing this, the number caught was quite too many to kill with thumb and finger; a tub of hot water was accordingly provided, into which they were emptied from the sheet. It was repeated daily.

In another instance, large piles of leached ashes under the trees are reported to have saved them. If the ashes had any effect, it can be only accounted for by the natural instinct of the insect, inducing it to avoid an unsuitable place for its progeny to drop, as ashes would prove rather sharp quarters for thin-skinned larvae.

Another method, reported in the same paper, promises better, and is well worthy of trial. It is simply treating them with a breakfast, for a few mornings, consisting of burning sulphur and gunpowder, served from the throat of a gun. A small charge of powder is first put in the gun, on which a spoonful of sulphur is placed, without any wadding. One discharge into a tree, renders the whole top a very uncomfortable place for any creature having a fine sense of smell, and the curculio is said to be one of this character.

## American Grapes.

*The Diana*.—This has fruited with us the present season, and ripened perfectly at least two weeks earlier than the *Isabella*. It has so far proved the best American grape for a latitude of 42° or 43°. A drawback is its moderate growth and slow propagation.

*The York Madeira*.—Downing confounded this with the *Alexander*, to which it has no resemblance whatever, and many cultivators, by a sort of general consent, have adopted the error. The *York Madeira* most nearly resembles the *Isabella*, but ripens earlier, is freer from the foxy pulp, and is smaller. Some prefer it to the *Isabella*, but more usually it is placed below, by those who try both.

*Origin of these grapes*.—On this subject a correspondent remarks in a late letter,—"I observe that some late writers pretend that the *Isabella* is a variety of the old Asiatic vine. I don't believe it. Many fellows write with a most comfortable share of ignorance. Professor Lindley's ESSENTIAL CHARACTER of this species is, 'leaves sinuate, naked.' I know not what

"naked" means in a technical sense, but our *Isabella* is not more sinuate than the *Alexander* or *Catawba*, and most remarkably less so than the *Sweet Water*, which is a genuine Asiatic. Now, in this state of the argument, the musky or foxy flavor of the *Isabella*, ought to decide the point, and remand it back among American grapes, where it properly belongs. Apropos—London says, 'Many imported varieties have been raised by the American gardeners, [from the *Fox grape*] and have been sent to Europe under the names of the *Bland*, the *Isabella*, the *Oswego*, *Tokay*, &c., but they are all tainted with the bad taste peculiar to the species.' The *Bland* has no such taint."

## Pears at Boston.

According to the last number of Hovey's Magazine, the show of pears at the late exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, far exceeded that of any former year. In common with many other parts of the country, the season at Boston seems to have been unusually favorable to this fine fruit, specimens of *Diel* and *Flemish Beauty* measuring 11 to 12 inches in circumference, and of the *White Doyenné* and *Beurre d'Anjou* 10 inches in circumference.

The extent of the collections may be inferred from the fact that Hovey & Co. presented specimens of 300 varieties; M. P. Wilder, 310; J. S. Cabot, 120; Samuel Walker, 100, &c. Many of these would be, of course, of little value; the Society accordingly offered large prizes for the twelve best selected varieties and best grown; the names of these we give below, and they show what the general favorites are in that place:

From W. R. Austin, Le Curé, Easter Beurré, Duchesse Angouleme, Beurré d'Anjou, B. d'Arenberg, White Doyenné, Bezi de la Motte, Van Mons Leon le Clere, Passe Colmar, Louise Bonne of Jersey, Bartlett, and Urbaniste.

From Jos. Richardson, Beurré d'Anjou, B. Easter, B. Diel, Louise Bonne of Jersey, Urbaniste, Bartlett, Belle Lucrative, White Doyenné, Flemish Beauty, Le Curé, Duchess of Angouleme, and Dix.

From Jos. Stickney, Louise Bonne of Jersey, Winter Nelis, Bartlett, Easter Beurré, Marie Louise, Le Curé, Beurré Diel, Urbaniste, Glout Moreau, Belle Lucrative, Thompson, and Flemish Beauty.

From Hovey & Co., Gray Doyenné, White Doyenné, Swan's Orange, Beurré Bose, B. Diel, B. d'Anjou, Glout Moreau, Flemish Beauty, Doyenné Boussock, Bartlett, Duchess of Angouleme, and Louise Bonne of Jersey.

## Hardy Ornamental Evergreen Trees.

The following list comprises trees of more humble growth than the two preceding kinds, but equally desirable, many of which are very beautiful, and useful for planting in more circumscribed situations than their majestic allies—the *Pine* and *Fir* tribes. Many of them are of a formal growth and hence applicable for picturesque scenery:

*WEeping ARBOR VITE*.—*Biota pendula* of Endlicher.—A graceful shrub from ten to fifteen feet high; branches long, slender and cord-like, weeping gracefully; foliage, a light green. A native of China and Japan.

*CHINESE ARBOR VITE*.—*Biota orientalis* of Endl.—A native of China and Japan. Differs principally from the *American Arbor Vite* in its branches becoming almost vertical when old, and its foliage a brighter green. Prefers strong loamy or clayey soils.

*TARTARIAN ARBOR VITE*.—*Biota Tartarica*.—A tree of less compact habit than the *B. orientalis*, and of quicker growth.

*WHITE CEDAR*.—*Cupressus thyoides* of Linnaeus. A native of North-western America, growing in immense masses in the swamps and low lands on the coast. It succeeds well in deep sandy soils, and deserves general planting.

*COMMON JUNIPER*.—*Juniperus communis* of Linnaeus.—Indigenous to Europe and Asia; a shrub very useful for planting on the most exposed and barren downs. In sheltered places it obtains a height of sixteen or eighteen feet, and is an ornamental plant. There are many varieties, some very handsome, among which may be named *J. c. pendula* and *Hibernica*.

*SAVIN-LIKE JUNIPER*.—*Juniperus sabinoides* of Grisebach.—Very handsome, resembling the common *Savin*, but not so tall, and foliage a more cheerful green. Native of the mountains of Southern Europe. Useful for covering banks or rocks.

*RED CEDAR*.—*Juniperus Virginiana* of Linnaeus. A native and useful shrub or tree of great beauty; growing in favorable situations to the height of fifty or sixty feet. It should be planted in situations free from other trees, to develop its real beauty. There are several varieties of this species, the best of which are *J. V. pendula*, branches thin and pendulous; *J. V. glauca*, a handsome variety with glaucous foliage; *J. V. argentea*, foliage a bright silvery hue, compact habit.

*THE CANADIAN YEW*.—*Taxus Canadensis* of Willdenow.—Indigenous to Canada and the banks of the Columbia river. Branches slender, spreading or recumbent; foliage of a reddish tint, in which it differs from the European species.

*IRISH YEW*.—*Taxus fastigata* of Lindley.—Very valuable for planting in geometrical gardens on account of its erect formal growth and deep green foliage. It requires to be kept to one leading shoot, or it becomes loose and liable to damage from snow and wind.

*AMERICAN ARBOR VITE*.—*Thuja occidentalis* of Linnaeus.—One of our handsomest native trees, and pretty generally known and planted. Form slender and pyramidal when young, but irregular and picturesque when old; branches distant and horizontal.

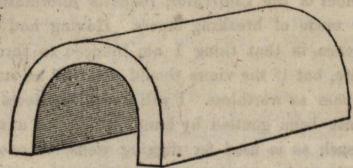
*PLAIED ARBOR VITE*.—*Thuja plicata* of Don.—A very handsome species with compact habit, flat branchlets and deep green foliage. Indigenous to North-western America.

## Heating Green-Houses with Hot Water.

With but few exceptions, in this vicinity at least, green-houses are still warmed with the clumsy, and in the end expensive old flue system; doubtless arising, mainly, from the difficulty in obtaining the material necessary for heating by hot water, every way superior to the flue.

To those unacquainted with what is wanted, the difficulty is still greater; as the limited call for such things at the present time, offers no inducement for manufacturers to have made on hand, the entire fixings connected with the apparatus. Hence those who contemplate using this system, must give specific directions for each part to be made by; but once get it fairly going, and the whole will be as readily obtained as a stove for heating the dwelling.

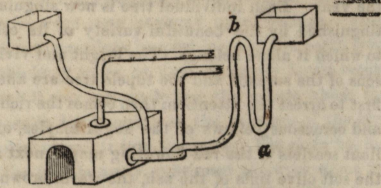
In a green-house just erected here by J. F. RATHBONE, Esq., it was decided to use hot water for the heating purposes. But as there is always a large amount of waste heat which escapes, if the fire goes directly up the chimney, a flue has been carried along the back side of the house, and enters the chimney at the corner opposite the furnace, by which means little loss of heat occurs, and a small amount of fuel will heat a large space.



The boiler used, is arched as shown in the above figure, and is made of stout copper; sheet iron will do, and is less expensive in the onset, but of course far less durable. The best and cheapest material where it can be procured is cast iron; very little else is now used in England, where hot water is the rage, and the most approved shape is conical, with the larger end at the bottom, the fuel being put in at the top so that the boiler contains within itself the whole amount of fuel. The last improvement of Messrs. Weeks & Co., of London, is using pipes containing water for the fire bars.



In their establishment, an upright pipe boiler, with these fire tubes attached, they warm the water of a tank in the open air, containing 25,000 gallons of water, in which the *Victoria Regia* flowers during summer, in a cool climate like that; besides heating several forcing houses and pits with the same; and it is said by a small consumption of fuel.



The figure above, another make of boiler, shows the method of attaching the flow and return pipe and supply cisterns; for it will be observed that this is a closed boiler and pipes, being more powerful in the circulation than where a portion of the boiler or pipes are open for the supply of water.

If the supply cistern is placed within the house, it is advisable to bend the pipe, which may be one inch lead pipe, in the form of a siphon, as shown in at a. b. This prevents the escape of vapor, by the water in the part of the inverted siphon at a, being always cold. It is also imperatively necessary in using these boilers and pipes, to make provision for the escape of air that may accumulate in the pipes; or the circulation will be impeded, besides rendering it liable to be blown up by the force of the steam, if the fire at any time should happen to be too powerful. This may be done by a small pipe attached to the flow pipe, carried of course above the level of the supply cistern, and should be either with the escape out of doors, or where the steam would be powerless to seal the plants.

The size of pipe generally recommended for heating green-houses is three or four inches, the circulation being less liable to be impeded in these sizes than in small ones; besides holding their heat for a longer period after the fire becomes low, a feature of great importance on a cold frosty night.

In span roofed houses the pipes are best laid under the front stage. In small houses a four inch flow and return pipe will probably be enough; but if the house is large it will be necessary to make the circuit twice before entering the boiler. If the house is a lean-to, with a good back wall, they may be carried along the front and ends if of glass, using one or two flow and returns, as the case may be, remembering that if a stove heat is required, one third more heating power will be requisite than for a green-house. EDGAR SANDERS, *Gr. to J. F. Rathbone, Esq., Albany.*

#### History of the Catawba Grape.

My article on the history of the Catawba Grape published in the first number of the *Western Horticultural Review*, has elicited a lengthy communication from Col. William Murray, of Caloosa Springs, Walker Co., Georgia, a brother of the Murray therein alluded to, which fully corroborates the statements there made by Dr. Beach, and now finally settles the question in regard to the origin of this grape. From this communication of Col. Murray, it appears that his father emigrated from Pennsylvania, and settled in the woods on old Kentucky and Warm Spring trail as early as 1801. At that time there were no roads in that country. The farm then settled, and afterwards called Murrayville, is now about ten miles south-east of Ashville, in Buncombe county, N. C., and embraces the forks in the roads, correctly described by Dr. Beach, the locality, as well as the character of the country, it being nearly on the summit-level of the Black Ridge, in latitude 35° 30', mountainous, thinly timbered, soil poor, with many loose stones and gravel.

At that place, in 1802, Col. Murray says, these grapes were found growing in abundance; also, another variety, with very long bunches, crowded, and of a dark purple color, but not so delicious as the first, which grew in more open clusters, were larger, and of a more reddish color. After the trees were cut down which shaded them, he says, they were better and grew larger, and have very much improved by cultivation since, and are at this time considered the best grapes in the country.

In 1803, commissioners met at Murrayville to settle a question of disputed boundary between North Carolina

and Georgia. On this occasion, these grapes were tested and pronounced good. In 1845, he states that the Friends, or Quakers, from Newbury District, N. C., emigrated to Ohio, and as they passed through this place, took these grapes with them. It would be interesting to learn where they settled in Ohio, and whether they ever succeeded in propagating them there.

In 1807, Gen. Davy, a Senator in Congress, then living at Rocky Mount, on the Catawba river, in the bounds of the Catawba nation of Indians, transplanted some of these grapes to his residence; and sometime between the years 1807 and 1816, he took some of them with him to the city of Washington, gave them the name of the Catawba grape, and disseminated them among his friends in Maryland. From this source it is probable they fell into the possession of Mrs. Schell, from whom Major Adlum obtained them, and made wine of them in 1822. In 1825, he sent the vines with some of the wine to Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati.

To Mr. John Adlum, then of Georgetown, District of Columbia, are we indebted for its discovery and early reputation as a wine grape, and to N. Longworth, Esq., of Cincinnati, for its introduction in the West, and for the impetus given to its cultivation and the fabrication of wine, which bids fair soon to become an important staple of our country, and to supplant many foreign wines in our market.

For pure, dry, and sparkling wines, the Catawba grape is likely to become to the valley of the Ohio what that celebrated grape which yields the best Hock wines, those of Johannisberg and Steinberg, are to the Rhine; which grape, it is said, was introduced into that country from Orleans, in France, by Charlemagne.

It may seem to be a matter of minor consideration to be thus particular in endeavoring to trace the origin of a particular variety of vine. But, as thus far it stands without a rival in America in yielding a pure, dry wine, it is a matter of paramount interest and importance to become acquainted with its nature, locality, or habits, especially with a view to understand its nature, habits, and proper cultivation.

From the experience we have had in cultivation, it appears that the soil and situation best adapted to its productive and healthy growth is that which approximates most nearly to its native elements.

On the sides and tops of dry, stony hills, where the soil is loose and porous, it seems perfectly at home, and is little subject to rot or other diseases; the greater the departure from these, its native elements, the more uncertain its culture and perfection of fruit.

In rich alluvial bottoms, the growth is rank and luxuriant, but the fruit is liable to rot, and the vines, in a few years; to decay and become unproductive; clayey uplands, retentive of moisture, are equally uncongenial. In choosing a location for a vineyard, therefore, these points are of much importance, and should be well studied. In the organization and allotment of vegetables, it is a well known principle of economy that every species and every individual variety of plants have been placed and adapted by nature to a particular soil and atmospheric condition, and very many will not bear a change with impunity. Scientific cultivators are now so well acquainted with these facts, that in transplanting, their chief endeavors are to reduce the condition of things as nearly as possible to their primary elements. The vines of Europe, for instance, will not succeed in the climate of America, when exposed to the variable changes of our atmosphere; hence our intelligent horticulturists are erecting their crystal vineries to shield them from these changes, and to restore to them artificially a climate more in accordance with that of their native home. S. MOSHER, in *West. Hort. Review*.

#### Wild Rice of Minnesota.

EDS. COUNTRY GENTLEMAN—I have noticed in several of the agricultural papers in the east, during the past year, that many unsuccessful attempts have been made to introduce the Wild Rice of Minnesota. The cause is undoubtedly owing to planting the rice after it has been prepared, by the Indians, for food, which, being parched over a hot fire, of course destroys it for seed. To oblige several of my friends in the east, I have just procured, from a rice lake in this vicinity, one barrel of the largest rice for seed, which I shall take great pleasure in distributing among the various State or County Agricultural Societies that may have a desire to introduce it within their limits.

The culture of this article of food is very simple. It requires only to be sown in wet places that are not fit for any other use, and if the ground is overflowed to not over a depth of two feet half the year, it is all the better for the rice. I have sowed it on a marshy strip of ground on the river-bank, which is overflowed at every freshet. I scatter the seed at the rate of two bushels to the acre and leave it to work itself into the ground, which it has a tendency to do very effectually. Let its seed drop off the first year and go into the

ground; this will furnish enough stalks the second year to produce a fair crop—say from a quart of seed first sown, you will gather about a bushel of rice; that is my impression from what little experience and observation I have had. It will run out all other grasses, if I am correctly informed; but will not spread any where, except on soil that is too wet for other uses. It grows to the height of seven and even ten feet—a tall straight stalk, two or three small leaves like flag root in shape. The stalk at the but is about an inch in diameter; the heads vary from one to two feet in length and are very prolific. The method of gathering is simple. Where the water will permit, take a small boat or canoe and push into the "field," bend a handful of stalks over the boat, and, with the other hand, strike the heads with a small stick; the rice will rattle out into the boat, and so go on until your crop is gathered. Enough of the rice will drop into the ground to furnish a crop each year; so there is no necessity for sowing this crop but once in a lifetime. I judge so by the manner in which it grows here. After it is gathered, it must be spread under cover, or in the sun, to dry—any where or any way so as not to be wet with rain or heavy dews. This thorough drying facilitates the operation of parching. When well dried, put it into a large pan, (such as are used in boiling maple sap would be excellent,) and, with a gradual and steady fire, roast it as you would coffee until the hulls assume a reddish color; take it off and put it into a strong bag and, with a "cudgel," lay on briskly until the rice is well broken and comes out of the hull; then winnow in a light breeze and your rice is ready to be cooked the same as the common white rice.

I have given you the method of gathering and curing, except the proposition of drying it, as is pursued by the Indians. As to the flavor of this rice, I think it far preferable to the common white rice, and it can be used in the same manner. It is not only extensively used among the Indians for food, but demands here a high price among the whites; it is also a lovely sight to see acres of ground covered with this crop in blossom, and there are no doubt thousands of acres, now lying useless in the northern states, that might, in a few years, be made valuable and also beautiful by sprinkling a few handfuls of this wild seed, provided it will grow as thrifty and yield as well as here.

Now I do not want to become notorious for my public spirit; but I will willingly distribute, this year, gratuitously, one barrel of this seed, in packages of one quart each, to any agricultural society who will inform me how to send it. I can forward by express from St. Paul. It can be sown this fall before the ground freezes, or very early in the spring. My esteemed friend, Col. B. P. Johnson, of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, will receive a quantity early in November, also some stalks of the rice in blossom. I will also enclose you a specimen of the seed rice and some prepared for cooking in the same box with his.

Since my last line to you it has rained or been misty every day but one, making out-door work very unpleasant. What the result of so long a storm will be on the corn crop I can not well tell until it clears up. It has rained half of this day.

Pardon the length of this letter; but I have been thinking that if those "hard-shells" and "soft-shells," or those furious political bombshells, should ever happen to split up our glorious old Union and the people "down south" cut off our supplies of rice, we might, by cultivating the wild rice, have plenty of our own and of a better quality.

The wild rice is a fresh water plant. I will send you a little of the seed in this letter. You will observe that the stalks of the rice are not cut, but are left standing in the "field." Soon after the rice is ripe the stalk begins to decay at the root, and the first heavy storm after puts it out of sight to enrich the soil for the next crop. It ripens exactly as buck-wheat and is never all ripe at once; but it is not usually gathered until the head is fairly formed. A little experience and observation will undoubtedly make this one of the most valuable crops in the country.

Yours truly, O. H. KELLEY,  
Cor. Sec'y Benton Co. Agricultural Society.



## The Fireside.

### Reading in Schools and at the Fireside.

THE thought must have occurred to one in the least degree familiar with the mechanical, hum-drum method of teaching reading in our common schools and academies, that a reform is imperatively called for. It is the office of the school to teach not only the meaning of punctuation marks, the proper inflections and intonations, the distinct enunciation and correct emphasis of words, and the blending of all these into a clear forcible style of reading, but to form, in some manner, a literary taste; to turn the attention of the scholar to the beauty of thought as well as to its outward form, and to implant in the young mind right principles. These two purposes of reading should never be separated in the mind of the teacher, and class books should be arranged with this in view. While this is true in the earliest stages of the child's progress in the art of reading, it is many fold more important as the mind advances in culture and maturity. If the reading exercise is dull and monotonous; if it does not call out some thoughts, and awaken some interest in the scholar, it soon becomes a formality to be gone through with—a task to be performed, and fails to educate the mind or even to cultivate the vocal organs. When a mind is thoroughly imbued with a thought; when it catches the inspiration of a truth, there is no hesitation as to how the thought should be expressed; it *will* express itself truthfully and well. We regard it as self-evident that when the scholar has been roused to activity; been made to feel that he has a direct individual interest in the subject matter of his reading—an immediate benefit to derive from it—the great point in good reading has been gained. We do not intend to say that no rhetorical rules are necessary; but only that a knowledge of these alone will never make one an effective, polished reader.

Another consideration is here worthy of notice. Before the scholar leaves the school for the active duties of life, a literary taste must, as a general rule, be formed and its character determined. If the teaching has been such as to lead the mind to appreciate the beauties of sound thinking and good writing, it will hereafter seek for companionship with the best authors, and will go on to educate itself. If, on the contrary, no correct taste has been acquired, books are thrown aside as a weariness, and with the close of school-days terminates all intellectual effort—all literary spirit. Physiologists tell us that coloring matter mixed with the food of an animal, will diffuse itself throughout the whole system and give its tint even to the bones. So with reading—the mental aliment. It gives color to the very constitution of mind—hue and complexion to thought, and leaves its traces in the intellectual, moral and social life. What the scholar reads in school and elsewhere, and how he reads, are matters which involve weighty consequences.

Two serious difficulties are in the way of the proper elevation of the standard of reading in our schools. The first is the incapacity—the want of refined taste and that culture which an extensive and thorough reading of the best authors can alone give—of the great mass of teachers; the second, the imperfection of the Readers made use of. Like instructors, like pupils. The pedagogue whose thoughts never range beyond the covers of his text-books; whose clumsy hands never remove the husk which covers the living germ of truth; whose eye cannot see, and whose mind cannot appreciate the principles which underlie all science—cannot teach any thing rightly, much less can he form the young mind to correct habits of thought, and lead it to the pleasant vales and mountain heights of literature. Again, a teacher of cultivation and taste can do comparatively little unless he can place in the hands of his scholars such reading

as is calculated to elevate and refine, and, placing himself on a level with them, discover for them the beauties of thought, and hold them up to admiration.

Hitherto, there has not been, to our knowledge, a Reading Book for advanced scholars, which approximated, in any considerable degree, to this standard. But we bring tidings of emancipation from the old, ink-stained, thumb-marked, twentieth-time-read-over, School Reader. The title of the book to which we refer is given below.\* It is composed of selections from the more prominent English authors of the nineteenth century, comprising extracts from the political, theological, ethical, poetical and literary productions of more than one hundred men and women of celebrity. The author prefaces each selection with a brief biographical sketch of the writer, and, to use his own language, has "endeavored to represent the views and feelings of every author inserted, fairly and honestly; and where any one has shown that his heart was particularly and deeply interested in any one great subject, I have felt it my duty, without fear or favor, to let his views on that subject appear." By this method, we are made familiar with the peculiar characteristics of the individuals, and the scope and tendency of their writings, and the reader will be induced by the perusal of these extracts to extend his researches farther, and to make himself more intimately acquainted with the authors thus properly introduced to his notice.

To many of the authors quoted from in the volume before us, we were before a stranger, but judging from the discrimination and taste manifested in the selections from those whose entire productions we have read, we do not hesitate to say that the labor of editing has been judiciously performed; that its tendency will be healthful and its influence in promoting sound learning, and a pure, elevated literary taste, will be immensely great. You may find food for thought in the elaborate essays of Blair, Beattie, Paley, Knox, Erskine, Mackintosh, Foster, Sidney Smith, Lord Brougham, Francis Jeffrey, Dick, Carlyle, Macaulay, and a score of others who have written for all time. You may spend an hour with the feeling critic, William Hazlett; laugh at the humorous touches, or weep at the touching pathos of Mackenzie; charm yourself by the beautiful poetry and more beautiful prose of Walter Scott; linger awhile to admire the profound thoughts and the melodious verse of Coleridge; take the hand of kind, sympathetic, jocose Charles Lamb; amuse yourself with the puns and wit of Thomas Hood; commune with such poets as Bloomfield, Byron, Pollock, Mrs. Hemans, Campbell, Elliott, Moir, Moore, Montgomery, Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Mackay, Tupper and Mary Howitt. The effect of the perusal of such authors as these would be beneficial beyond comparison, and elevate the standard of literary taste more rapidly and generally than any other method we can conceive of. It would be impossible to turn from these authors to writers of the lower grade of novels. The same reasons which make it desirable to introduce reading of this character into our schools, may be urged with equal propriety in favor of substituting it for the kind of reading most common at the fireside.

We commend the volume of selections to the notice of every one who is interested in promoting intellectual and social culture, believing that its influence will be most happy.

### Scraps from a Naturalist's Note Book.

Autumn is gradually passing into the dreariness of winter, and as it proceeds along its way, it softly touches the green leaves that have hitherto gladdened the face of nature and changed their hues to colors as various as those that adorn the rain-bow. The

lover of nature in wandering about the precincts of our city, at this season of the year, can scarcely fail to have his feelings powerfully excited by the magnificent appearance that our forests everywhere present to his view, although tinged to a degree with a pleasing melancholy, particularly when he reflects that they are the peculiar characteristics of the decline of the year. Each individual tree is now singularly distinguished by the beautiful variety of its color, and to which it alone belongs. The bright and vivid crimson of the sumach and the tupelo tree are among the first to arrest the attention; then comes the rich orange and ochraceous yellows of the sugar maples, and brilliant scarlets of the red flowering maple; next appears the soft olive tints of the ash, the warm browns of the hickory, the purples of the dog-wood, the buffs and yellows of the birches, which at length give place to the full scarlets, yellows, and browns of the oaks, many of the leaves of which are found to remain upon the branches throughout the snows of winter; all these beautiful colors when brought in powerful contrast with the deep foliage of the evergreen pines, succeed in producing one of the most magnificent and gorgeous effects that the earth can any where exhibit.

This magnificent display of colors in our forest and landscape scenery is no doubt in some way or other intimately connected with that peculiar condition of our atmosphere at this season of the year, which has received the appellation of "the Indian summer," but its immediate relation has never yet been clearly pointed out. This smoky appearance of the atmosphere is no doubt peculiar to Northern America, it never having been observed in any other portion of the world, unless we except an occasional day or two, with an appearance somewhat similar, that occur in some parts of Russia. This very singular appearance of the air in autumn has been repeatedly and variously accounted for by numerous writers on the subject, none of whom, in our opinion, have rendered a satisfactory reason towards an explanation of its cause, and we still entertain the belief that it is produced by a partial and chemical decomposition of the atmosphere immediately contiguous to the earth's surface, owing to an acrid matter arising from a decaying state of the leaves of some of the trees peculiar to the country, most probably to those of the oak, which are well known to botanists to be far more numerous in species than are to be found growing over the entire surface of the globe beside. This, however, is not advanced as an explanation, but as a mere conjecture thrown out for the consideration of physiological geographers.

THE AMERICAN SEXTON—*Necrophorus Americana*—Olivier.—We a short time since—while turning over some loose rubbish in a field, near the border of a light wood—had an opportunity of capturing several specimens of this insect, but regret that we had not an opportunity of witnessing some of the extraordinary feats of industry which in all probability this insect possesses, in common with some of the other species of the genus, from abroad; the singular history of one of which—the *N. Vespillo*—is thus detailed by M. Gleditsch. He begins by informing us that he had often remarked that dead moles when laid upon the ground, especially if upon loose earth, were almost sure to disappear in the course of two or three days, often in twelve hours. To ascertain the cause, he placed a mole upon one of the beds in his garden. It had vanished by the third morning; and on digging where it had been laid, he found it buried to the depth of three inches, and under it four beetles, which seemed to have been the agents in this singular inhumation. Not perceiving anything particular in the mole, he buried it again; and on examining it at the end of six days he found it swarming with maggots, apparently the issue of the beetles, which he now naturally concluded had buried the carcass for the food of their future young. To determine these points

\* ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: Designed for Colleges and Advanced Classes in Schools, as well as for Private Reading. By CHARLES D. CLEVELAND. E. C. & J. Biddle, Philadelphia: C. M. Saxton, N. Y.



more clearly, he put four of these insects into a glass vessel half filled with earth and properly secured, and upon the surface of the earth two frogs. In less than twelve hours one of the frogs was interred by two of the beetles; the other two ran about the whole day as if busied in measuring the dimensions of the remaining corpse, which on the third day was also found buried. He then introduced a dead linnet. A pair of the beetles were soon engaged upon the bird. They began their operations by pushing out the earth from under the body so as to form a cavity for its reception; and it was curious to see the efforts which the beetles made by dragging at the feathers of the bird from below to pull it into its grave. The male having driven the female away, continued the work alone for five hours. He lifted up the bird, changed its place, turned it, and arranged it in the grave, and from time to time came out of the hole, mounted upon it and trod it under foot, and then retired below and pulled it down. At length, apparently wearied with this uninterrupted labor, it came forth and leaned its head upon the earth beside the bird without the smallest motion, as if to rest itself, for a full hour, when it again crept under the earth. The next day in the morning the bird was an inch and a half under ground, and the trench remained open the whole day, the corpse seeming as if laid out upon a bier, surrounded with a rampart of mould. In the evening it had sunk half an inch lower, and in another day the work was completed and the bird covered. M. Gleditsch continued to add other small dead animals, which were all sooner or later buried; and the result of his experiment was, that in fifty days four beetles had interred in the very small space of earth allotted to them, 12 carcasses, viz: four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers, besides the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox. In another experiment, a single beetle buried a mole forty times its own bulk and weight in two days. It is plain that all this labor is incurred for the sake of placing in security the future young of these industrious insects along with a necessary provision of food. One mole would have sufficed a long time for the repast of the beetles themselves, and they could have more conveniently fed upon it above ground than below. But if they had left thus exposed the carcass in which their eggs were deposited, both would have been exposed to the imminent risk of being destroyed at a mouthful by the first fox or rapacious bird that chanced to espy them.

**WINTER BERRY**—*Prinos verticillatus*—Linn.—This fine shrub, when its branches are profusely covered with berries, in the autumn and winter, is one of the most beautiful ornaments of our damp woods and swampy grounds. These berries are very thickly diffused and exceedingly numerous, and afford an abundant article of food to the birds that remain with us through the inclemencies of the winter. They are of a brilliant scarlet color, and when the snows cover the ground are conspicuously distinct, and always afford a pleasing contrast to the faded vegetation by which they are surrounded. This shrub is from eight to ten feet in height, and can readily be distinguished growing abundantly in the swamps and along their borders. It blossoms in the months of June and July, and the flowers are small and of an ordinary appearance, but when the fruit becomes ripened towards the close of autumn, the whole plant is strikingly beautiful; at this period the leaves remain on the branches, and when they have fallen off, the appearance of the shrub, with its multitude of crimson colored fruit, is quite attractive and exceedingly interesting to the student of nature. This plant is a universal favorite among the families of many of our farmers, who beautifully ornament their rooms during the Christmas holidays by placing the berried stems in tufts of evergreen moss, where they are left to remain unchanged until the opening spring re-covers the earth with verdure, and green leaves and bright flowers are gathered to occupy their places. J. E. October 15.

### Correspondence of the Country Gentleman.

MARIETTA, OHIO, October 7, 1853.

DEAR WARREN—The town where I am now stopping has a history, unwritten and unrecorded, that renders it of more than ordinary interest to the student of American history.

In 1785 the second military post in Ohio was built on the right bank of the Muskingum river, at its junction with the Ohio. It was built by a party of troops under the command of Major John Doherty, who gave it the name of Fort Harrison. In 1788 a company of men, under the direction of Gen. Rufus Putnam, landed here and formed the first permanent settlement in Ohio. This party were sent out by the Ohio Company, and as the party landed on the 7th of April, that date is the one fixed on by historians as the commencement of the history of Ohio, although there is a history, not recorded on paper, of this great State, of as deep interest as that which has gotten itself recorded in the records.

Even previous to the settlement of Ohio, the government had taken it under its fostering care and appointed Gen. St. Claire, Governor; so that it had not to demand admission, as California has recently been obliged to do. As, however, the Governor did not arrive as soon as the people he was to rule over, they had to resort to a more democratic method of government than is usual, and they met and formed laws for their guidance and published them by nailing them upon a tree, so that all might read them. A Mr. Meigs, who rejoiced in the puritanic name of *Return Jonathan*, (the settlers were mainly from Massachusetts), was chosen chief magistrate. The place had no name until as late as the 2d of July, when the settlers gathered on the right bank of the Muskingum, and out of respect for Maria Antoinette, Queen of Louis XVI, named the infant settlement *Marietta*.

The stockade, which was erected for the protection of the settlers, and the remains of which I have just visited, was called *Campus Martius Hall*, and at that place the first court of Ohio was organized with great solemnity, on the 2d of September. A procession was formed, composed 1st, of the High Sheriff, with a drawn sword; 2d, citizens; 3d, Officers of the Garrison; 4th, Members of the Bar; 5th, the Supreme Judges; 6th, the Governor, supported by the Clergy; 7th, Judges of the Court of Common Pleas.

When it is remembered that there were none to act as spectators of this pageant except the Indians; and that there should have been no occasion for litigation in so short a time, the solemnity and dignity of the occasion will be appreciated. However, the procession, the countermarching, the seating the Judges in state, the prayer of the clergy, and the formal opening of the court in due form occurred, and if any of the sovereign people had suffered any injustice, the law was there ready, in its awful majesty, to right the wrong, or at least to enact the farce delineated by Dickens in *Bleak House*.

Unfortunately for Marietta, the site is so low that a large share of the town is liable to inundation by the overflow of the Ohio. The parlors of the house at which I stop have marks of such a catastrophe as high as the bottom of the windows, and this house is as high from the river as the most of those which have been erected many years. Those of more recent origin are farther from the river, and probably safe from freshets. The people have a look of activity and intelligence, indicative of their New England origin; and true to that character, they have as good schools as are to be found in the State—a male and a female academy, a college and two public libraries. It is estimated there are about four thousand inhabitants; but as the houses are scattered over a large space, a stranger cannot judge of the number with accuracy.

There are many fine private residences; but, except the college buildings, no public buildings worth mentioning. There are not even the ordinary nice buildings for the purposes of trade, and no public house of

any pretension. The business is scattered over a large space, and not, as is usual, confined to any central point. Just at this time, there is an attempt to introduce some manufactories, for which the Muskingum furnishes abundant water power. There is a bucket manufactory employing about an hundred men, and a cotton mill, which, it is expected, will soon go into operation.

The surrounding country is not so good as most parts of Ohio for agricultural purposes, yet there are some excellent farms in the vicinity of the city; and that it once was fertile as well as as exceedingly beautiful and picturesque, is proved by the numerous mounds and other aboriginal remains to be found here.

In the Cemetery is a mound of about sixty feet in diameter at the base, perfectly circular in form and rising like a cone as steeply as the earth could be made to remain without sliding until it attains an altitude of about thirty feet. It was evidently once raised several feet higher, until the top of the cone came to a point; but now, by the action of the rains and the many feet of those who ascend the mound, the top is worn off so as to leave a level space ten or twelve feet in diameter. Around this conical mound there was once a deep ditch encircling it on all sides except one, where a space of perhaps fifteen feet was left on a level with the surrounding country. The earth from the ditch was thrown to the outside, so that there was an earthen wall on the outside of the ditch of some eight or ten feet high on the outside, and probably twice that height on the inside. This wall is about ten feet broad on the top at the present time, very nearly level in its entire extent and remarkably uniform as to height and breadth. It encircles the mound completely except at the passage-way, where the ditch terminates, and here there is a level road through the wall corresponding with that through the ditch. The distance across the wall from one side of the mound to the opposite, I judged to be about twenty rods; and I was astonished to observe how perfectly circular were the base of the mound, the ditch and the wall, and how accurately they correspond with each other.

At a short distance from this mound is one raised some ten feet above the surrounding earth, perfectly level on the top, with sloping sides and of an irregular form—not squarer, but having projecting angles like a fortification. This had pathways leading up to it on two sides, rising so gradually that the horse I drove trotted up them with ease.

Near this last were several smaller mounds, one of which was circular in form and with a circular depression in its top. No one here seems to have any idea of the origin or purpose of these mounds, or of the character of the inhabitants who constructed them, further than to say, they were built by the Indians.

I am fully satisfied the originators possessed more of the knowledge we attribute to civilization, than the Indians who were found in this region. Yours, C.

### Traveling on Horseback and on Foot.

Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, one of the editors of the New-York Independent, writes admirable letters to that journal. Few writers excel him in throwing an interest around a subject, and infusing into the reader a degree of the natural enthusiasm which possesses him. The most simple objects in Nature, clothed in the drapery of his language, become beautiful and full of instruction. His taste for rural pleasures and his love for the sweet simplicities of Nature relieve very effectively the sternness and boldness with which he sometimes utters his thoughts, and assure us that gentleness and power are not incompatible in the same individual.

The following is an extract from one of his letters:

Men never see the country who fly through it at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour; even if the usual path of railroads lay through the most interesting portions. The very best method of traveling is



upon horseback. Next best, if you are young and hearty, or if you wish to become so, is foot-traveling. The pedestrian is, in all respects, the most independent; and if time is of no importance, all the details of exploring trips should be made on foot.

If you are on horseback, you can do more in a shorter time. You abbreviate the time and labor of passing over the intermediate space between you and the point of interest. Then there is good company in a spirited horse—a thousand times more than in a flat man. You sit in your saddle at ease, giving him his own way, the bridle loose, while you search on either side the various features of the way. Your nag becomes used to you and you to him; till a sympathetic connection is established, and he always seems to do, of his own reflection, just what you wanted him to do. Now a leisurely swinging walk; now a smart trot, then a spirited bit of a canter, which imperceptibly dies out into an amble, pace, and walk. When you rise a hill to overlook a bold prospect, can anybody persuade you that your horse does not enjoy the sight too? His ears go forward, his eye lights up with a large and bright look, and he gazes for a moment with equine enthusiasm, till some succulent bough, or grassy tuft, converts his taste into a physical form. A good horse is a perfect gentleman. He meets you in the morning with unmistakable pleasure; if you are near the grain-bin, he will give you the most cordial invitation, if not to breakfast with him, at least to wait upon him in that interesting ceremony. There is no hoggish haste in his meals. His drinking is particularly nice. He always loves running water, in the clearest brook, at the most sparkling place in it. No man shall make me believe that he does not observe and quietly enjoy the sunflash on the gravel beneath, and on the wavy surface above. He arches down his neck to the surface, his mane falls gracefully over his head, he drinks with hearty earnestness, and the throbbing swallows pulsate so audibly and musically that you feel a sympathetic thirst. Now he lifts his head, and looks first up the road to see who is coming, and then down the road, at those work-horses, turned loose, affecting gayety with their old stiff legs, and hard and hooped bellies, and then, with a long breath, he takes the after drink. Once more lifting his head, but now only a few inches above the surface, the drops trickle from his lips back to the brook. Finally he cleanses his mouth and chews his bit, and plays with the surface of the water with his lithe lip, and begins to paw the stream. Guiding him out, you propose to yourself a real boy's drink. Selecting a favorable place, on a dry bank, where the stones give you a suitable rest, you lie flat down, at full length, and begin. Your luck will depend upon your judgment of places and skill of performance. Should you be too dignified to lie down, you will probably compromise and kneel, awkwardly protruding your head to the edge, where a little pool breaks over its rim, and then you will send the first drops down the wrong way. Musical as is crystal water, softly flowing over silver gravel, between fringed banks, its passage down the breathing tubes is anything but musical or graceful; and you will have an episode with your handkerchief behind the bushes—coughing, crying, and greatly exercised in various ways. But if you are willing to be a real boy, (and no one is fit to be a man after he has lost all the boy,) and lie level with the stream, careless of grass or gravel on vest, apply your lips gently just above the point of the ripple, where it breaks over the gravel, you shall quietly and relishfully quench your thirst; and, if you be handsome, or think yourself so, regale your eyes, too, with a fair face, seen in that original mirror in which, long before quicksilver or polished metal, Adam and Eve made their toilet. There is yet another mode; with both your hands form a cup, by lapping the little finger of the left hand upon the corresponding part of the right, and then curving the whole to a bowl-form. A little practice will enable you to lift and drink from this bucket with ease, where the ground does not permit recumbency. A good pair of hands, such as ours, ought to hold two large and one small mouthfuls. But that will depend somewhat on the size of the mouth.

But it was not to tell you how to drink, nor how good and companionable horses drink, that this sheet was begun. But to urge those who can command September or October leisure to avoid all beaten paths of pleasure, and make a tour through the mountain country of Western Connecticut and Massachusetts. If you are young, and not abundant in means, and can get a friend to accompany you, go a-foot. If you are able, go on horseback. If you wish to take your wife, or a sister, or your mother, or other fair friend, then a light four-wheeled covered buggy is to be elected. If there be three or four of you, two horses and a two-seat light carriage, with a movable top. Limit your articles of dress to a few, and those not easily torn or soiled; for it is good and most morally wholesome for Americans once in a while to dress and to act, not upon the rule of "what will people think?" but according to their own real necessities and convenience. And, above all, let every woman have a bloomer dress, for the sake of foot-excursions. We

are not ultra on Bloomers. In the city or town, our eye is yet in bondage to the old forms.

But in the country, where the fields are to be traveled, the rocks climbed, brooks crossed and recrossed, and fences scaled, bushes and weeds navigated, a woman in a long dress and multitudinous petticoats is a ridiculous abomination. Something is always catching; the party is detained till each woman can gather up her flowing robes, and clutch them in her left hand, while a shawl, parasol and bonnet strings fill up the right. Thus she is engineered over and around the rocks or logs; and in spite of all pains and gallantry, returns home bedrabbled and ragged. A bloomer costume leaves the motion free, dispenses with half the help from without, and, above all, avoids needless exposure of the person. If ignorant of what is best, a fair friend is caught in the country without such suitable dress, she is to be pitied, not blamed. But where one may have them, rejects them for field excursions as unbecoming and ridiculous, let me assure such foolish persons, that it is the only dress that is really decent. I should think less of one's judgment and delicacy who, after a fair trial of either dress, in an excursion requiring much field walking, was not heartily converted to the theory of Bloomerism, and to its practice in the country.

### Homes of the New World.

This is the title of two volumes, recently brought out by Harper & Brothers, containing FREDERICA BREMER's impressions of America, as they were written to a sister in her Swedish home. It is to a great extent a personal narrative, of which her American friends are the heroes and heroines. It deals quite familiarly, at times almost too much so, with the private characteristics of those who welcomed her to their homes, and frequently presents a confused jumble of the manners, accomplishments, religious views and general opinions of persons, always colored highly with her own peculiar fancies and emotions. This feature of the book gives it a rare interest, and as a tender, affectionate spirit, and kind motives are everywhere apparent, we feel like excusing the liberties she has taken in our admiration of the sincerity and earnestness with which she writes.

In the early letters we notice particularly her almost idolatrous reverence of Mr. DOWNING, and her ardent appreciation of his character. We are sure every one will be grateful for what she has said of him. Speaking of his residence, she says, "He has built his house himself. It was himself who planted all the trees and flowers around it; and every thing seems to me to bear the stamp of a refined and earnest mind. Every thing has been done by design—nothing by guess, nothing with formality. A soul has here felt, thought, arranged. Within the house there prevails a certain darkness of tone, all the wood work of the furniture is brown; the day light even is dusk, yet nevertheless clear, or, more properly full of light—a sort of imprisoned sunshine, something warm and deep; it seemed to me like the reflection of his own brown eyes. Every thing is noble and quiet, and every thing equally comfortable as it is tasteful." Again, "I cannot tell you how fortunate I esteem myself that I have come into contact with a mind so profoundly thinking and so universally comprehensive as that of Mr. Downing, and who, besides, is so indescribably kind to me, and so careful that I shall derive every possible advantage from my journey."

Here is a poetical touch: "I sat silent in the railway carriage beside my silent friend, but the music of whose soul I am always conscious of, though he speak not a word; so that after all there was no interruption to the music." We might make numerous extracts equally interesting. In fact all her sketches of character are faithful and life-like in the leading features.

The following delineation of Yankee character is good.

I must beg leave to tell you a little about what I think a Yankee is, or what he seems to me to be; and by Yankee is properly understood one of the boys of New England; the type of the "go ahead America" of Young America. He is a young man—it is all the same if he is old—who makes his own way in the world in full reliance on his own power, stops at nothing, turns his back on everything, finds nothing impossible, goes through every thing—always the same. If

he falls, he immediately gets up again, and says "No matter!" If he is unsuccessful, he says "Try again!" "Go ahead;" and he begins again, or undertakes something else, and never stops till it succeeds. Nay, he does not stop then. His work and will is to be always working, building, beginning afresh, or beginning something new—always developing, extending himself or his country; and somebody has said, with truth, that all the enjoyments of heaven would not be able to keep an American in one place, if he was sure of finding another still further west, for then he must be off there to cultivate and to build. It is the Christian, which does not conquer to destroy, but to enoble. And he does not do it with difficulty and with sighs, but cheerfully and with good courage. He can sing "Yankee Doodle" even in his mishaps; for if a thing will not go this way, then it will go that. He is at home on the earth, and he can turn every thing to his own account. He has, before he reaches middle life, been a schoolmaster, farmer, lawyer, soldier, author, statesman—has tried every kind of profession, and been at home in them all; and besides all this, he has traveled over half, or over the whole of the world. Wherever he comes on the face of the earth, or in whatever circumstances, he is sustained by a two-fold consciousness which make him strong and tranquil; that is to say, that he is a man who can rely upon himself; and that he is the citizen of a great nation designed to be the greatest on the face of the earth. He thus feels himself to be the lord of the earth, and bows himself before none save to the Lord of lords. To Him, however, he looks upward, with the faith and confidence of a child. A character of this kind is calculated to exhibit at times its laughable side, but it has undeniably a fresh, peculiar greatness about it, and is capable of accomplishing great things. And in the attainment of the most important object in the solution of the highest problem of humanity—a fraternal people, I believe that the Father of all people laid his hand upon the head of his youngest son, as our Charles the Ninth did, saying, "He shall do it! he shall do it!"

### Autumn Musings and the Singing School.

The following we extract from one of a series of articles, entitled "Country Margins," from the pen of S. H. HAMMOND, Esq., Editor of the State Register of this city. It needs no comment, coming, as it does, fresh from the heart of an ardent lover of natural beauty, and freighted with memories, half playful, half sad, of olden times:

But will you tell us, friend *Margins*, why it is that all living things that come out in the September evenings, have glad voices given them? Why is it that when the sun is gone down, and the hum of business is still, when the voice of man is hushed, and the winds have retired to their caves, the voice of the insect tribes, low and quiet and solemn, comes abroad upon the air? Why does not silence come down like the curtains of night, and brood in the darkness over us? It is that we may not forget the lessons that nature teaches. The heavens may be darkened by clouds; the face of the moon may be veiled, and the stars may not shine out to remind us; the sound of the winds may be hushed; but the song of the cricket tells us, that life, and beauty, and joy, and happiness are rife among the creatures of God. Such will your answer be, and we concede its truth.

"Oh! if we could surround the beautiful summer days and make them stay with us forever!"

We would not do it if we could, indeed we would not. We love the summer, we love its long beautiful days, its broad fields of grain, its rich foliage; we love its haying time, its hoeing time and its ripe harvests. But its hot, burning days, its noxious vapors, its deadly malaria, its fevers, its cholera and cholera morbus, we do not like. We love the autumn with its ripened fruits, its corn huskings, its potato digging, its fat deer, and the music of hounds on the mountain. We love the flaring robes, all flaming in crimson, and yellow, and green and deep brown that it throws over the hill sides, dressing them in beauty like an eastern Hour for the bridal. We love the winter with its social evenings, its pure white robe of snow. We love the jingle of its merry sleigh bells. We love to hear the hissing of the north wind, as it whirls around the corners, and over the house tops and along the streets, looking into the crevices of the windows, and peering under the doors, as we sit with our friends around us, and the coals burning cheerfully in the grate. We can laugh at the north winds, and cry, ha! ha! at the driving snow.

We love the spring with its opening buds, its growing foliage and its early flowers. We love its beautiful green fields, and the sweet breath of its south wind, that comes to fan us, loaded with the fragrance of the meadows. We love the glad song of the early birds, and to see them building their nests in the branches of the trees. We love to hear the shrill call of the quail from his perch upon the fence stake, and



the song of the catbird, or the brown thrush, as he sits upon the topmost branch of the shade tree in the pasture, swaying in the breeze as he sings. We love to see the young things, the lambs, the pigs, the calves, the colts and the little children, all in their places, joyful and happy, frisking and playing and running hither and yon, in their gleesomeness, full of the spirit of life and fun and frolicking, as if there was to be no storm, no equinox, no bleak fall days or pinching cold of winter. We love the spring. We love summer, and autumn, and winter. We love all the seasons and all the months. We love the days of the months. They are not all bright, and glorious, and sunny, and we love them the more because they are not so.

"Some days *must* be dark and dreary."

The seasons are the types of human life, and the days are types also. Mark this, friend *Margins*; in human destiny there are bright days, and dark days; days of sunshine, and days of storm. There is spring, and summer, and autumn, and winter. But mark again. We have but one set of seasons. Spring will never return to us, and when the winter of life comes, its chill will leave us only at death, and its ice be thawed away only in the grave. But what of that? There is another country, where there are no dark days, no equinoxes, no storms, no winter winds, where spring is perpetual. Are we bound to it?

"Let us take the down-hill of the year cheerily."

Change the word "year" to "life," and you will have brought out the great, leading principle of the true philosophy of living. "Take the downhill of life cheerily," is your only true wisdom. You and I, friend *Margins*, have at least ceased to be young. And however we may deny being old, yet so much we will yield for the arguments sake. And, moreover, we can not stand still. We are moving. White hairs are gathering upon our heads, and wrinkles are invading the corners of our eyes. These are mile-stones on our journey of life. It will do no good to count them—to try to eradicate them, is folly. We must march on. We are on the top of the hill at best, and our way henceforth is downward. Well, be it so, and what then? "Take the down hill of life cheerily." No murmuring at the descent. Millions upon millions have gone before us. There are flowers along the pathway, down-hill as it is. Hope blooms by the way—inhalé its fragrance and gather its blossoms. Cheerily! cheerily! cries our guide. Let us follow in his footsteps, submit to his guidance, and all will be well. The way may be rough—he will lead us where we will not stumble nor plunge headlong down the precipices that tower above fathomless depths. The way may be dark. Cheerily! cheerily! sounds from the darkness, and light bursts upon our path. Yes, yes, cheerily is the word.

"Perhaps we will sing that to-morrow night as we did in the old times, with a dozen voices surging about, through the four parts, not to say five or six, for there were always one or two traversing or going crosswise, but we made a noise you may be sure."

There is something about this that awakens memory. The clouds of the past are lifting, and old scenes are rising in the perspective. We are young, again. A quarter of a century has been obliterated from the number of our years, and we are on our way to the old brown, weather-beaten school house, near the clear cold stream that flows along through Pleasant Valley, away out in old Steuben. Blessings on that beautiful valley, and that clear cold stream. We have caught strings of the speckled trout from its deep eddies, and upon its riffles, and under the old logs that lay across it. But we are on our way to that weather-beaten school house. It is a clear, frosty night. The stars are glistening like bright gems in the sky, and the moonbeams sparkle like diamonds, in their cold brilliancy, on the snow. The oak trees, that retain their dead and withered foliage, cast their shadows like clouds, on the unbroken crust on the meadows that skirt the road. There is stillness all around us. The night voices are all frozen into silence, but there is nothing sad or solemn in the cold, calm hush of a winter's night. We are on our way to the "singing school." We remember the tall, lathy "singing master," with his earnest and solemn face, his long hair parted on his forehead, and combed straight and sleek over his coat collar and resting on his shoulders. He is before us now, with his long, bony hand and long fingers, and his mahogany pitchpipe. His nasal falsetto! as he gives the "pitch" to his class, is sounding in our ear. He was a devotional man, and his faith in the saving efficacy of psalmody, was perfect. Among all the tunes taught in his school, Old Hundred was his especial favorite. True, he indulged in Mear, Amsterdam, Lenox, China, Greenfield, Coronation, and others of the same centenary character, but Old Hundred was his weakness, his idol, his great tune of tunes. It was his first, his last, his midst and without end. It was the first given out in the evening; it was sung in the centre minutes of the school, and was sure to be the last at its close. And that class, merry, happy, laughter-loving young people, were they all, full of mischief, frolic and fun. The more the simple minded teacher loved and venerated

his old favorite tune, the more they murdered it by their discords. Bass, tenor, treble, and counter, were sure to be playing at cross purposes. Labor as he would, the bass would be too low and the tenor too high; the treble would push along like a locomotive, while the counter would drag its slow length away behind, all filling the musical ear with the most horrible compound of discordant sounds.

The good teacher has gone to his long rest. The old weather-beaten school house has passed away. The free trout stream that went laughing and scolding over the clean pebbles, on its crooked path towards the lake, has been harnessed to a great waterwheel and made to grind corn. That class, too, is all scattered—some are on the ocean—some in the far western States—some beyond the Rocky Mountains, and some dwell in the city of the dead. We remember their happy faces, as they were that last winter that we spent at the old homestead. They are before us now, and we see them as they were gathered in the singing school, worrying the good "singing master," with their mischievous discords. Shadows all, creatures of fancy, hallucinations, memories only.

We visited the old homestead the last summer. It passed into the hands of strangers years ago. We inquired for the bright-eyed, romping girl, the beauty of the class, and we found her sitting in matronly composure in the shadow of a cherry tree in front of her dwelling, fat and of rotund proportions, smoking a pipe that was none of the cleanest. She had cattle, and sheep, and grain, and pigs, and may be, money out on interest; but the vision of the singing school had vanished away. Time! Time! The wrecks that are scattered along thy pathway!

### Truth.

The human mind naturally delights in the discovery of truth; and even when perverted by the constant operations of prevailing errors, a glimpse of the Real comes upon it like the smile of daylight to the sorrowing captive of some dark prison. The Psychean labors to try man's soul, and exalt it, are the search for truth beneath the mysteries which surround creation—to gather amaranths, shining with the hues of heaven, from plains upon which hang, dark and heavy, the mists of earth. The poet may pay the debt of nature—the philosopher may return to the bosom of our common mother—even their names fade in the passage of time, like planets blotted out of heaven;—but the truths they have revealed to man burn on for ever with unextinguishable brightness. Truth can not die; it passes from mind to mind, imparting light in its progress, and constantly renewing its own brightness during its diffusion. The True is the Beautiful; and the truths revealed to the mind render us capable of perceiving new beauties on the earth. The gladness of truth is like the ringing voice of a joyous child, and the most remote recesses echo with the cheerful sound. To be forever true is the Science of Poetry—the revelation of truth is the Poetry of Science.

### Germination and Growth of a Plant.

An apparently dead grain is placed in the soil. If the temperature is a few degrees above the freezing point, and holds a due quantity of water, the integument of the seed imbibes moisture and swells; the tissue is softened, and the first effort of vital force begins. The seed has now the power of decomposing water, the oxygen combines with some of the carbon of the seed, and is expelled as carbonic acid. This part of the process is but little removed from the merely chemical changes which we have already considered. We find the starch of the seed changed into sugar, which affords nutritive food for the developing embryo. The seed now lengthens downwards by the radicle, and upwards by the cotyledons, which, as they rise above the earth, acquire a green color. Carbonic acid is no longer given off. These cotyledons, which are two opposite roundish leaves, act as the lungs; by them carbonic acid is conveyed to the roots, it is carried by a circulating process now in full activity through the young plant, it is deprived of its carbon, and oxygen is exhaled from it. The plant at this period is little more than an arrangement of cellular tissue appearing a cylinder lying in the centre of the sheath. At this point, however, we begin distinctly to trace the operations of a new power; the impulses of life are evident.

The young root is now lengthening, and absorbing from the moisture in the soil, which always contains some soluble salts, a portion of its nutriment, which is impelled upwards by a force—probably capillary attraction and endosmose action combined—to the point from which the plumule springs. The plumule first ascends as a little twig, and, at the same time, by exerting a more energetic action on the carbonic acid than the cotyledons have done, the carbon retained by them being only so much as is necessary to form chlorophyll, or the green coloring matter of leaves, some wood is deposited in the centre of the radicle. From this time the process of lignification goes on through all the fabric—the increase, and indeed the life, of the

the plant depending upon the development of a true leaf from the plumule.

It must not be imagined that the process consists, in the first place, of a mere oxidation of the carbon in the seed—a slow combustion by which the spark of life is to be kindled;—the hydrogen of the water plays an important part, and, combining also with the carbon, forms necessary compounds, and by a secondary process gives rise again to water by combination with oxygen in the cells of the germinating grain. Nor must we regard the second class of phenomena as mere mechanical processes for decomposing carbonic acid, but the result of the combined influences of all the physical powers and life superadded.

This elongating little twig, the plumule, at length unfolds itself, and the branch is metamorphosed into a leaf. The leaf aerates the sap it receives, effects the decomposition of the carbonic acid, the water, and in all probability the ammonia which it derives from the air, and thus returns to the pores, which communicate with the pneumatic arrangements of the plant, the necessary secretions for the formation of bark, wood, and the various proximate principles which it contains.

### Importance of a Leaf.

Every leaf, a mystery in itself, is an individual gifted with peculiar powers; they congregate in families, and each one ministers to the formation of the branch on which it hangs, and to the main trunk of the tree of which it is a member. The tree represents a world, every part exhibiting a mutual dependence.

"The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can;  
Hanging so light and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky,"

is influenced by, and influences, the lowest root which pierces the humid soil. Like whispering voices, the trembling leaves sing rejoicingly in the breeze and summer sunshine, and they tremble alike with agony when the autumnal gale rends them from the parent stalk. The influences which pervade the whole, making up the sum of vital force, are disturbed by every movement throughout the system; a wound on a leaf is known to disturb the whole, and an injury inflicted on the trunk interferes with the process which are the functions of every individual leaf.

### Saturday Night.

Saturday night! How the heart of the weary man rejoices as, with his week's wages in his pocket, he hies him home to gather his little ones around him, and draws consolation from his hearthstone for the many hard hours he has toiled to win his pittance.

Saturday night! How the poor woman sighs for very relief as she realizes that again God has sent her time for rest; and though her rewards have been small, yet she is content to live on, for her heart builds up in the future a home where 'tis always Saturday eve! How the care-worn man of business relaxes his brow, and closing his shop, saunters deliberately round to gather up a little gossip ere he goes quietly home to take a good rest! How softly the young man pronounces the word, for a bright-eyed maiden is in waiting, and this Saturday night shall be a blessed time for him—there will be low words spoken by the garden gate, and there will be a pressure of hands—perhaps a pressure of lips—blessed Saturday night!

To all, kind Heaven has given a little haven which works in the heart to stir up the gentle emotions, and Saturday night alone seems the meet and fitting time for dreaming gentle dreams. Blessed Saturday night! and we can but pray that through life we may bear with us the remembrance of its many holy hours now gone into the far past—memories which every Saturday but recalls like a benediction pronounced by one loved and gone.—*Putnam*.

THE CHILDREN LOVED HIM.—N. P. WILLIS tells us in his sketches of an old negro of whom every one said, "It is wonderful how the children always loved him!"

His time-worn face tells the reason of it—broad-featured, simple, kindly and cheerful. It is curious how singly and universally his character for *making children fond of him* is established. "Yes," said an old gentleman, to whom I spoke of him yesterday, "the boys and girls would leave the luxuries of the parlor table untouched, to go out and eat salt pork and bread, with Peter any time!" And he is made famous, at last, by this long life of child-love. Nobody speaks of him without naming it. Though not particularly cherished or petted by the neighborhood, he has a better speciality than most of us—a loveable speciality, which makes him an example, while it provides that he shall be remembered. He must always have been genial, truthful, self-sacrificing and considerate—always both playful and judicious. His character is written in the tribute it brought—*better loved than anybody by the children*. Many a costly marble monument can say less of the man beneath it.



## Record of the Times.

**WASHINGTON MONUMENT**—The Evening Journal has the following very just remarks. It is strange that, with all the enterprise, the patriotic feeling, the admiration of the character of Washington for which we, as a people, are celebrated, money enough cannot be raised to erect a monument to his memory:—

"Funds are wanted to complete the monument now in course of erection. The secretary of the association has issued a circular to the Press soliciting their aid, and requesting those who may be appointed to take the ballots of the voters, at the fall elections, to put boxes at the different localities where such elections will be held, for the purpose of receiving such contributions as the admirers of the Illustrious Father of his Country may think proper to deposit in aid of the great Monument, now in the course of erection in Washington, to his memory. The Circular says:—

A half dime is but an inconsiderable sum, and yet a half dime contributed by every inhabitant of our country, would rear the grand structure, now in progress, to its destined completion.

At the last Presidential election, the plan of obtaining contributions at the Polls (thus testing the patriotism and liberality of the voters and others) was attempted, though the previous arrangements were not such as to insure a very full collection, the result was as satisfactory as could, under the circumstances, have been expected.

We hope a response will be made from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, and enough contributed at the coming election to complete the work. There ought to be no need of such a call, but as there seems to be, let the response atone for such a necessity on our part."

**YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.**—The Winter Course of Lectures before the Young Men's Association of this city is announced as follows. They will be delivered in the order published, each successive week, commencing Nov. 3. A rich literary feast is in store for us:—

GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D., Brooklyn; GEORGE W. CURTIS, Dobb's Ferry; Rev. E. L. MAGOON, New York; WEDELL PHILLIPS, Florence, Mass.; CHARLES MASON, Washington, D. C.; GEORGE SUMNER, Boston; ANSON BURLINGAME, Cambridge, Massachusetts; WRIGHT HAWKES, New York; DANIEL W. HASKELL, Boston; FREEMAN HUNT, New York; RUFUS CHOATE, Boston; JOHN P. HALE, New York; WILLIAM KENT, New York.

**CATTLE SHOW OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.**—We learn from a report of the Fair in the N. Y. Times, that the number of animals on the ground was nearly as follows:—Horses, 150; horned cattle, 231; sheep, 115; swine, 85; poultry, 700. The Times says, "the horses were not in a mood for display, though there were some good animals there of the sort that profess to be good for all work. There were a great many noble Devon bulls, and heifers and calves, and a few yoke of oxen, all of that deep red color that our farmers generally like best. There were some beautiful short-horns, too, and, of mixed breeds, there were many fine cattle. Some of the Devons looked as if it were scarcely possible to crowd more strength into the same amount of space than filled their muscles. There were Shanghais in pantalettes, not five months old, that would require a two-story coop to let them stretch themselves in; and sundry domestic fowls of smaller pretensions, and less enormous proportions, just large enough, as we should judge, to convert a moderate supply of Indian corn and earth-worms into an egg a day, and an omelette for Sundays."

The Cattle Show seems to have been the main attraction, and in all the exhibitions of the present season we have noticed that there has been a falling off in the show of manufactured articles, while the farmers are waking up to the pecuniary benefit of showing and breeding fine cattle.

Speaking of the Mechanical Department of the Fair of the American Institute, the *Scientific American* says, "It has been our custom to present elaborate re-

views of the most interesting objects, but we find upon a careful examination this year, that this labor will be light, as the bridge, halls and walls of Castle Garden exhibit a wasted and sickly appearance. It is the most inferior Fair ever held by this Institution."

The Anniversary Address was delivered by Hon. WM. H. SEWARD, upon the "True Basis of American Independence." It is a strong, vigorous production, advocating that independence which is founded upon virtue, and that self-reliance which a consciousness of power imparts—an independence of foreign nations with regard to the articles we need for use or luxury, and also in literature and social customs. We give one extract:—

Nationality! It is as just as it is popular. Whatever policy, interest or institution is local, sectional or foreign, must be zealously watched and counteracted; for it tends directly to social derangement, and so to the subversion of our democratic constitution.

But it is seen at once that this nationality is identical with that very political independence which results from a high tone of individuality on the part of the citizen. Let it have free play then, and so let every citizen value himself at his just worth, in body and soul; namely, not a serf or a subject of any human authority, or the inferior of any class, however great or wise, but a freeman, who is so because "Truth has made him free," who not only equally with all others rules in the Republic, but is also bound equally with any other to exercise designing wisdom and executive vigor and efficiency in the eternal duty of saving and perfecting the State. When this nationality shall prevail, we shall no more see fashion, wealth, social rank, political combination, or even official proscription, effective in suppressing the utterance of mature opinions and true convictions; and so enforcing for brief periods, with long reactions, political conformity at the hazard of the public welfare, and at the cost of public virtue.

Let this nationality prevail, and then, instead of keenly watching, not without sinister wishes, for war or famine, the fitful skies, or the even more capricious diplomacy of Europe—and instead of being hurried into unwise commercial expansion by the rise of credit there, and then back again into exhausting convulsions and bankruptcy by its fall, we shall have a steady and a prosperous, because it will be an independent, internal commerce.

Let this nationality prevail, and then we shall cease to undervalue our own farmers, mechanics and manufacturers, and their productions—our own science, and literature, and inventions—our own orators and statesmen; in short, our own infinite resources and all-competent skill, our own virtue, and our own peculiar and justly envied freedom.

Then I am sure that, instead of perpetually levying large and exhausting armies like Russia, and without wasting wealth in emulating the naval power of England, and without practicing a servile conformity to the diplomacy of Courts, and without capiously seeking frivolous occasions for making the world sensible of our importance, we shall, by the force of our own genius and virtue, and the dignity of freedom, take, with the free consent of mankind, the first place in the great family of Nations.

**A RARE SCHOLAR.**—It is very mysterious how some persons manage to learn so much in the short period assigned to life. We have been much amused by the following advertisement which appears in a New York daily. Why a gentleman so very learned and accomplished should be out of employment is quite strange:

A professional gentleman will give private lessons to a very few pupils at their residences. He is a graduate, with the highest honors, from the best of the academies and colleges in New England; has had great experience in teaching and offers the most distinguished testimonials of ability and character. He will give his lessons to pupils of either sex, during the evening if required, in any department of Classics, Mathematics, Natural or Ethical Sciences; also, in Singing, cultivation of the voice and theory of Musical Composition, with accompaniment for the piano or guitar. Young men fitted for college with unusual thoroughness and fidelity. He also offers an extraordinary opportunity for gentlemen of the mercantile profession to fit themselves for a high position in community, by instruction in the practical sciences of Political Economy, Eloquence, &c.

The Schoolmaster is abroad. Will some one give him employment?

**A CHARACTERISTIC LETTER.**—JOHN G. SAXE addressed the following letter to the Committee of Invitation at Springfield:—

BURLINGTON, Vt., Oct., 14, 1853.

Gentlemen—I am very sorry that I shall not be able to partake of your horse-pitality. Being a born-

Vermont—who, you know, is a "perfect Arab" for horses—I claim no exemption from the charge of loving a "charger," and admire a "courser," of course. Indeed, I must say, in the manner of Alexander to Diogenes—"If I were not a man I would be a horse"—an animal which, in utter contempt of the monkey-theory of the naturalists, I hold to be the next of kin to his master. In short, he who does not love a horse, is—an ass; and deserves a perpetual diet of *thistles*, instead of the sumptuous fare which your famous Springfield caterers will spread before you at your banquet, on the 20th. Hoping that Vermont will represent herself worthily at the great National Exhibition of Horses. I am, gentlemen,

Yours, very truly, JOHN G. SAXE.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamer *Asia* arrived at New-York Oct. 19, bringing dates to Oct. 8.

**THE EASTERN QUESTION.**—The Sultan has NOT signed a declaration of war. The Grand Council has not voted war, or to the effect that no further concessions can be made.

The Ottoman Porte has pronounced, by the decision of its Supreme Council, for open war; and, although it is not yet known with any certainty, that this resolution has been embodied in any formal declaration on the part of the Sultan, there is every reason for supposing that the opinion of a body constituted like the Supreme Council, will be adopted by the Executive government. This measure does not appear to have been the result of any new, or especial provocation on the part of the Russians. The Czar had committed his several acts of aggression and insult without encountering the reception to be naturally anticipated. He had invaded and occupied the Danubian provinces; he had demanded unwarrantable concessions as to the price of his retirement; he had rejected the Turkish terms of adjustment, and he had expressed his several intentions, with the utmost arrogance, by the mouth of his Minister. None of these proceedings, however, elicited such a decision as that now pronounced; and the probability is, not that the Government, or even the chief authorities of the Ottoman nation, are more desirous than before of bringing the question to the issue of the sword; but that the feelings of the population and the army have become uncontrollable, and that a declaration of war was thought indispensable to the internal security of the State. On the other side, the Emperor of Russia has declared for peace.

**ENGLAND.**—A Cabinet Council was to be held on Friday, the 7th, to take into consideration the alarming condition of Turkish Affairs. There was also a rumor that Parliament would be summoned immediately, but this was doubtful.

Cholera had broken out with great virulence on board the packet-ship *Isaac Wright*, which struck on a rock, on the 28th ult., off Cape Clear, and had to put back to Liverpool. Before the ship reached the Mersey, 47 passengers were thrown overboard, and several others died in harbor, and were carried ashore. The remainder of the sick were carried in carts to the hospitals, where a large number—it was impossible to ascertain the exact number—had died.

Commander INGLESFIELD, of the searching ship *Phoenix*, has returned, but brings no news of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. He succeeded in depositing the supplies. Commander McCURE, in the *Investigator*, had accomplished the Northwest passage, having passed thro' Behring's Straits into the Arctic Sea, and returned home by Davis' Straits. Inhabitants had been discovered further Northward than known previously. They were very friendly. This settles the question of the Northwest passage.

A dreadful accident occurred on the Great Southern and Western Railway at Straffan, near Dublin. A cattle train ran full force into a passenger train, and literally dashed it to pieces. All the cars were broken to fragments, excepting one, which, attached to the engine, was propelled by the shock of the collision to the distance of nearly three-quarters of a mile! Ten or twelve persons were killed, or smashed, so that their



bodies could scarce be collected. Fifty persons were wounded, some of whom cannot recover.

FRANCE.—We have no political news of importance. Paris letter-writers continue to assert that a French force, now magnified into 30,000 strong, are held in readiness to embark for Constantinople. According to the letter-writers, 10,000 of these are picked men from Algeria, and the remainder are the troops lately in camp at Helfaut. A corpse of 18,000 was to be organized in the South of France to embark at Toulon, to reinforce the army at Rome. England, they say, was to furnish 10,000 men, to be embarked at several of the Channel ports.

CHINA.—A correspondent of the *London Times*, under date of July 9, writes that:—

The insurgents are daily becoming more popular. Seeing that they do violence to so many of the feelings of the Chinese, the wonder is how they should be so popular as they are. It can only be that the Manchus are intensely unpopular.

At one time the Chinese Roman Catholics (not so the European) were apprehensive of the success of the Manchus, because, they say, if they succeed, Christianity, in every shape, will be proscribed practically if not professedly, and their heads taken off professedly for political offences.

There has been a demand for Christian books, more particularly from Shang-tung, for the last month or more, and it continues unabated. Others, again, ask for books of the same religion as that of the insurgents, and some have even asked for instructors to be sent among them.

The insurgents are wonderfully satisfied as to their ultimate and early success—they talk of two or three months. The General at Ching-kiang-foo said, 'I am getting an old man now, but I could beat any twelve of those fellows opposed to us;' and, speaking of arms—'The muskets often miss fire because our powder is bad; and, as for those with caps, why we don't understand them, and if we did, we could not make the caps; now, the spear never misses fire, and these Imperialists are afraid of it.'

#### NEWS ITEMS.

Governor Martin has appointed Thursday, November 24th, to be observed as Thanksgiving in New Hampshire.

Jerry, the fugitive slave, who was taken by his rescuers at Syracuse to Kingston, Canada, died on the 10th instant.

Eighteen persons in Plymouth Hollow, Conn., went out on a squirrel hunt for one day. They brought in, at night, *twenty-nine hundred and ninety!* There must have been a "mass meetings" of squirrels on that day.

The citizens of Kentucky have already raised \$30,000 towards a monument to their late great statesman, Henry Clay.

An "Atmospheric Dispatch Company" has been formed, to lay a tube from New York to Boston, by which to transmit mails and packages, by means of exhausting the air. The tube is to be two feet in diameter and to go under ground. Fifteen minutes only are expected to be required for the transmission.

The owners and engineer of the ill-fated steamboat "Henry Clay" are now on a trial before the United States Circuit Court in New York. The trial will probably occupy some time.

The Le Roy Democrat says that Hon. A. S. Upham, of that village, from a field of 100 acres, has raised and gathered in good order, three thousand six hundred bushels of wheat, the present season.

A man in Cincinnati last week cut his throat because he lived next door to an amateur trombone player.—The coroner held an inquest, and returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide." Sensible jury that.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest, is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

At an auction in London, a few weeks ago, a lock of hair from the foolish head of Charles I., sold for twenty-six dollars; while a lock of Newton's hair only brought \$3.75!!!

It is a proof of the influence of the *London Times*, that in one week after the appearance of an article in its columns, upon the exorbitant charges of the Eng-

lish hotel-keepers, one thousand letters upon the subject were received at the office.

The Knickerbocker says that one of these "five story fowls" down east, recently brought forth fourteen chickens from thirteen eggs, fifteen of which she succeeded in raising; and a third hatched a bushel of clams out of three clam-shells. People are now hatching Shanghais from egg-plants.

The American Board of Foreign Missions, recently in session at Cincinnati, adjourned, to meet at Hartford next July. During the session it was resolved that no more aid could be extended to the Sandwich Islands, for the reason that their inhabitants have been Christianized.

P. T. Barnum has given \$200 towards a monument to the memory of Knud Iverson, the youthful hero who was drowned by his companions, because he would not steal.

Two aurists in London are said to have invented an instrument which enables the deaf to hear with the distinctness appertaining to the natural organ. It is placed within the ears, without projecting, and being of the same color as the skin, is not perceptible.

Returns from 40 counties in Pennsylvania show a Democratic majority of 16,000 on the State ticket, which is expected to be increased to 24,000 by the remaining counties. The State Senate will stand—17 Democrats—14 Whigs—1 Independent Democrat—and 1 Native.

The Washington *Union* publishes the following appointments by the President:—

Robert M. McLane, of Maryland, to be commissioner to China. Levi K. Bowen, of Maryland, to be consul to Bordeaux.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—Rev. W. G. T. Shedd, Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in the Theological Seminary at Auburn, N. Y., has been called to fill the department of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology, in the Seminary at Andover. He has signified his acceptance of the appointment, and his intention to enter upon his new sphere of labor during the next term. Prof. Shedd has acquired an early distinction by his literary efforts, his ability as a writer on ethical and moral subjects, and especially as the author of the profound and masterly *Introduction to a recent edition of the Works of Coleridge*.

THE PROGRESS AND APPROACH OF THE CHOLERA.—The cholera appears to be advancing towards this country much in the same way that it did in 1832 and in 1849. After committing great ravages in the north-east part of Europe, it has at last reached and carried off large numbers in some parts of England. The ship *Sagadahock*, it will be seen, has been spoken at sea on the passage from Gottenburg to Boston, with nearly sixty of her passengers dead of the disorder and others sick.

It is a remarkable fact that New England, out of Boston, has heretofore been almost wholly exempt from the ravages of this terrible scourge, which has at different times prevailed in every section of the United States. In 1832 there were but very few cases here. In 1849, Boston lost about 600 from cholera, and about 400 from bowel diseases, considered as the result of the presence of cholera; but outside of Boston, with the exception of a few cases in several localities, the disease did not spread. It is to be hoped that the same precautionary measures of cleanliness, &c., that were before taken will not be neglected now.—*Springfield Post*.

TUNNEL RAILWAYS IN CITIES.—There has just been issued a prospectus of a new subterranean railway through London, to be carried on beneath the streets. The first portion of this Railway is to be commenced at the south end of Westbourne Terrace, for the great Western Railway Terminus, and will proceed under the New Road to Battle Bridge, where it will join another branch, and eventually, it is said, should the undertaking prove remunerative, all the principle thoroughfares will be tunneled for this new species of traffic. The company commence with a capital of £1,500,000 in 15,000 shares of £100 each. The bill for making the railway has passed both Houses of Parliament; a part of the capital is subscribed, and operations will shortly commence.—*Scientific American*.

BELGIAN CIRCULAR KNITTING MACHINE.—A most ingenious machine for knitting every kind of hosiery is on exhibition in the east end of the English Department. It is named "Jacquin's Patented Circular Knitting Machine," and was sent from Brussels, in Belgium. By simply turning a crank it goes on knitting, by circular motion, the hose or any other article of hosiery. The thread is fed from cops or spools placed above the machine, and is put on to the needles

by one grooved toothed wheel, and then the locking of the stitches is put on by another tripping wheel on a different set of needles, and the stitches as formed are taken off the needles and passed around a drum in a complete knit fabric. No machine in the Crystal Palace exhibits more ingenuity and delicacy of construction. It is worth the study of every mechanic. At the French Exhibition in 1849 it was awarded a medal, and it took a prize medal at the "World's Fair" in London.—*Scientific American*.

RENTS IN NEW-YORK.—A New-York correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* has the following statement relative to the enormous amounts paid for rent in New-York:

I am perfectly astonished at the rate of rents in this city. I know a single *basement room* on Wall street, to reach which you must descend five or six steps from the footway, with a low ten-foot ceiling, and the room not more than thirty by twenty feet, which rents for \$6,000 per annum. A lot, twenty-five feet by seventy-five feet, as high up on Broadway as the corner of Fulton street, was recently leased for twenty-one years, at \$14,500 per annum, at the end of which time the ground landlord is besides to have the building, which is now being erected on it, and will cost \$20,000. A building on Broadway, immediately adjoining Trinity Church yard, forty feet front and two hundred deep, opening on a side alley, and cut up into corridors and offices brings an aggregate rent of \$60,000 per annum; and a gentleman who has built himself a splendid dwelling as high up in Broadway as the neighborhood of Union Square, at least two miles above the City Hall, says he plainly sees that he must be driven away in a few years by the encroachment of hotels, stores and shops, and told me he had already been offered a rent of \$10,000 per annum for the house.

STOCKINGS KNIT BY OLD LADIES.—We noticed two pair of knit stockings lying alongside of one another in the English Gallery, which are worthy of a notice.—One pair are long grey socks knit by Mrs. Rebecca Mayberry, of Casco, Me., aged 94 years. She is the widow of William Mayberry, an old revolutionary hero.

The other pair are long white ridge and fur lambs' wool stockings, knit by Mrs. Begg, of Ayr, Scotland, aged 82. She is the sister of Robert Burns, the plowman, the poet, and the sweetest songster that ever lived. They are beautifully knit and are to be sold for charitable purposes. Some of Burns' countrymen will no doubt pay a handsome price for them.—*Scientific American*.

SHIP-BUILDING IN MAINE.—During the year ending June 30, 1853, there were built in Maine, 138 ships, 63 brigs, 148 schooners, and five sloops, making a total of 110,047 47-95 tons. The entire amount built in the United States in 1852, was, 255 ships, 73 brigs, 584 schooners, 267 sloops, and 259 steamers, making a total of 356,343 tons. Maine builds about one-third of all the tonnage of the United States.

CHINA FIGHTING.—Results of Chinese naval engagements are important. At the last fight, six tons of powder were burnt, two hundred gongs and brass kettles badly beaten, a very great smoke created, resulting in a very bad smell; ninety-one pigtailed hopelessly unravelled, four hundred and sixty-two celestial awfully frightened, and nobody hurt. A tremendous victory was claimed on both sides, and the reports of the battle—printed in vermilion ink, upon yellow silk—were ceremoniously deposited in the imperial archives. Awful people, these Mongolians.—*Clinton Courant*.

VALUE OF PATENTS.—Dr. Gales examiner's report, gives the following statement:

A man who had made a slight improvement in Straw Cutters took a model of his machine through the Western States and after a tour of eight months, returned with \$40,000. Another had a machine to thresh and clean grain, which in fifteen months he sold for \$60,000. A third obtained a patent for printer's ink, refused fifty thousand dollars for it, and finally sold it for \$50,000. These are ordinary cases; while such inventions as the Telegraph, the Planing Machine, and the India Rubber Patents, are worth millions each.

SUSPENDED.—The Holyoke Freeman, which has been published weekly, about four years, has been suspended till old debts can be collected. It would be a fair paying concern if subscribers and advertisers would "pay up." The editor after stating the causes that have operated against him in a very good natured way, takes leave of his readers by reminding them that:—

This is a very good world that we live in,  
To lend, or to spend and also to give in;  
But to beg, or to borrow, or to get a man's own,  
It's the very worst world that ever was known.

RELIC OF BARBARITY.—The St. Paul Democrat states that a remnant of the once numerous Indian tribe of the Pillagers, in that vicinity, have determined upon celebrating one of their ancient rites, by offering a sacrifice to the evil spirit, and it is said that several of the braves have offered to immolate themselves. It is to take place on the 2d of October.



## Farm Product Markets.

## Albany Market, October 22, 1853.

Our market for flour and grain continues depressed under a stringent money market, and the rain storm this morning increased the dullness which was apparent on the opening. Some of the principal receivers of grain are storing quite freely and some refuse to sell at present market rates. The receipts from the West are not so large as they were in the early part of the week, but are more than equal to the demand. Freights continue active and very firm.

**FLOUR AND MEAL.**—Our market for Western and State Flour is dull, with a downward tendency. The transactions this morning have been very limited and sales in some instances have been made at a further decline of 6½c. per bl., but the sales have not been sufficient at the reduction to warrant any alteration in our table of prices. There is nothing doing for the East and but little for the home and river trade. We quote:—

Ordinary to straight State.....\$6 75a6 87  
Mixed Indiana and Michigan.....6 75a6 87  
Straight Indiana and Michigan.....6 87a7 00  
Favorite State.....7 00a7 12  
Common to good Ohio.....6 87a7 00  
Fancy Indiana and Michigan.....6 88a7 00  
Fancy Ohio.....7 00a7 12  
Fancy Genesee.....7 00a7 12  
Extra Indiana and Michigan.....7 00a7 25  
Extra Ohio.....7 12a7 25  
Extra Genesee.....7 12a7 37  
Corn Meal is steady and saleable at \$1.62. Buckwheat Flour is in request at \$2.12a2.25 per cwt.

**GRAIN.**—A quiet market for WHEAT, with a fair supply of prime. Millers are out of market, and there is no energy for shipping. Prime Genesee is held at \$1.50a1.51, at which receivers are storing. CORN is quiet; Western mixed may be quoted nominal at 75c. BARLEY continues to rate dull, and it is very difficult to effect sales, except upon time, owing to a tight money market. The sales yesterday reached 33,400 bu. good two rowed at 77c. There were no sales made yesterday, or this morning, for four rowed; buyers refused to pay the prices demanded by holders which is about \$5a56c. for prime lots, and the great bulk of the receipts of this description is being stored. OATS are lower and in moderate request. Sales 8,000 bu. state at 47a48c.

**FEED.**—a dull and quiet market.—Evening Journal.

## CATTLE MARKET.

**BRIGHTON, Oct. 20.**—At market 2200 Beef Cattle, 60 pairs Working Oxen, 30 Cows and Calves, 2000 Stores, 7800 Sheep, and 2025 Swine.  
Beef Cattle—Extra, \$7.50a8; first quality, \$6.50a7; second, \$5.75a6; third \$4.50a5.50.  
Working Oxen—Sales \$70, 78, 88, 95, 105, 125, 140 and 150.

Cows and Calves—Sales \$23, 27, 31, 33, 33, 42 and 45.  
Stores—Sales Yearlings \$7a11. Two years old, \$12a20. Three years old, \$22a32. Nearly one third at market unsold.

**SHEEP.**—Dull, and prices reduced. Sales of lots at \$2.50, 2.88, 3, 3.50, 4.25, 5.25 and 5.50.

**SWINE.**—Shoats to peddle, 5½a7½c. Old Hogs, 5½, 5¾a 6½c. Still Hogs, 5½, 5¾a5½c. At retail 6a8c.

## WOOL MARKET.

**PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 21.**—The market has been very quiet since our last report, owing principally to the stringency in the market, and a downward tendency in the prices of woollen goods. The demand has been limited, but few purchasers having made their appearance, but holders are generally unwilling to accept any concession in prices. The week's sales amount to 95,000 lbs, among which we notice 9000 lbs fine clips at 57a58c; 7000 lbs fine at 55c; 50,000 lbs common and ½ blood at 48½c, 6 mos; 10,000 lbs Merino pulled on private terms, and the balance, mostly in small lots, within the range of our quotations. A sale of 38 bales Crimea at 11c, cash.—Com. Reg.

**NEW YORK, Oct. 22.**—Foreign is rather quiet, and good qualities are very scarce. The stringency in money effects sales, and the market, in consequence, is depressed. Sales of 20,000 lbs. Washed African at 31a33c. Domestic Fleece and Pulled are very quiet, and we know of no sales worth reporting.

## Suffolk Pigs.

10 PAIRS of purely bred Suffolk Pigs, 4 months of age. Also, breeding Sows for sale by  
GEORGE HUNTINGTON.  
Walpole, N. H., Oct. 15, 1853—43w4t.

## Ayrshire Bull For Sale,

**THOROUGH-BRED**, three years old, out of an imported cow of very superior quality for the dairy. He is orderly and in good condition. Price, \$50.  
J. W. WHEELER,  
Oct. 21—m1t Hyde Park, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

## Peruvian Guano.

WE are receiving our supply of Peruvian Guano per ships Blanchard, Senator and Gray Feather from the Chincha Islands, and now prepared to make contracts for the spring supply. As the demand is large we would advise all who may be in want of this valuable manure to make early application. Price, \$45 per ton of 2,000 pounds. Be particular to observe that every bag is branded,

Warranted No. 1 Peruvian Guano.

Imported into the United States by F. BARREDA, BROTHERS, for the Peruvian Government.  
LONGFETT & GRIFFING,  
State Agricultural Warehouse, No. 25 Cliff-street, New-York.  
Oct. 20th—w&m1t.

## Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills.

When the proprietor of this invaluable remedy purchased it of the inventor, there was no medicine which deserved the name, for the cure of Liver and Bilious complaints, notwithstanding the great prevalence of these diseases in the United States. In the South and West particularly, where the patient is frequently unable to obtain the services of a regular physician, some remedy was required, at once safe and effectual, and the operation of which could in no wise prove prejudicial to the constitution. This medicine is supplied by Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills, as has been proved in every instance in which it has had a trial. Always beneficial, not a solitary instance has ever occurred in which its effects have been injurious. The invention of an educated and distinguished physician, it has nothing in common with the quack nostrums imposed upon the public by shallow pretenders to the medical art. Experience has now proved, beyond a doubt, that Dr. M'Lane's Pill is the best remedy ever proposed for the Liver Complaint.

Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, and take none else. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. McLane's Liver Pills, also his Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada.

## Splendid Fowls.

THE attention of Poultry Breeders and Fanciers of Poultry generally is invited to the unrivaled varieties now offered to the public by the subscriber, embracing every species of value in the United States. Especial care has been bestowed to render them all that can be desired by the

Poultry Dealer, Farmer or Amateur.

Having devoted several years to the rearing of Choice Fowls, the subscriber flatters himself that by his unremitting care and attention those now offered by him have attained a degree of excellence, as regards Size, Symmetry, Plumage, &c., which cannot be surpassed. The several breeds are warranted *entirely pure*, especial vigilance having been exercised to prevent any admixture of blood. Among these may be enumerated the following:

Brahmah Pootra,	Game Fowls,
Chittagongs,	Silver Pheasants,
Gray Shanghaes,	Sabbright Bantams,
Buff do	English do
Black do	White do
White do	Nankeen do
Red do	Royal Cochins China,
White Cochins China,	Hong Kongs,
Malays,	Great Javas,
Bucks County,	Black Spanish,
White Surrey Dorkings,	Speckled Dorkings,
Black Polands,	Creoles,
White do	Frizzled Fowls,
	Golden Spangled Hamburgs.

Purchasers may buy with the fullest confidence that their orders will receive prompt attention, and that the fowls furnished are pure blooded and in healthy condition.

All fowls purchased will be carefully caged, and delivered in New-York or Albany, or placed on shipboard or railway free of charge, after which the responsibility of the subscriber in reference to their safe arrival at their destination ceases.

Orders and letters of inquiry should be addressed to  
J. W. PLATT, box 128 P. O., Rhinebeck, N. Y.  
October 1853—43w2

## Pears, Grapes, &amp;c.

THE subscriber offers for sale, by the quantity or in smaller parcels—  
2,500 Pears on the quince—1 year old, finely grown—consisting of about 20 leading varieties and some of the newer sorts, \$25 per 100.

1,000 Black Hamburg and other best varieties of grape for culture under glass—in pots, 50 cents each. A few plants of the Diana—a new native grape of great promise, \$1.  
10,000 plants Osage Orange for Hedges, \$8 per 1000.  
50,000 Apple seedlings, 1 year, \$5 per 1000.  
Also a few apples on the Paradise stock for dwarfs; a few Cherries, Plums, &c.

Orders addressed to me at Albany will meet with attention.  
Albany, Oct. 7, 1853.—wtf. C. P. WILLIAMS.

## New-York State Agricultural College.

At a meeting of the trustees of the State Agricultural College on the 21st September, 1853, it was resolved "to arrange and prepare the Veterinary Department of the College, simultaneously with the earliest courses of instruction; and that every subscriber to the funds of the College be, and he is hereby declared to be entitled to the use of the Hospitals of the said department for all medical or surgical treatment, necessary and proper for such diseases or accidents as may afflict any animal belonging to the said subscriber, to be subject to such rules and regulations as the trustees may, from time to time, appoint and direct.

No cost or charge shall be made for medical or surgical treatment or advice.

The necessary expense for the sustenance of animals received into the Hospitals under this resolution, shall be paid by the proprietors of the animals respectively. By order.  
Oct. 8—41w4 J. W. BACON, Secretary.

## Spanish Merino Bucks.

TEN Spanish Merino Bucks, imported in the Bark Charles A. Coe, from Malaga, and were selected from the National Flock at Estramadura, and are of the pure Merino Blood, can be seen at 420 Tenth street, New-York.  
S. W. GOODRIDGE & CO.,  
Sept. 22—w4t 84 Broad-street.

## SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS!

50 Cents a Volume.

## The People's Journal,

AN Illustrated Record of Agriculture, Mechanics, Science and Useful Knowledge, Published Monthly, by ALFRED E. BEACH, No. 86 Nassau-St., New-York, (up stairs.)

Terms fifty cents a volume. Sent by mail to any part of the United States. Every Number contains 32 Large Pages of Letter-Press, beautifully printed on Fine Paper, and Profusely Illustrated with ENGRAVINGS.

Farmers, Mechanics, Manufacturers, and people of every profession, will find in the PEOPLE'S JOURNAL a repository of valuable knowledge peculiarly suited to their respective wants.

Terms.—To subscribers, fifty cents a volume. Subscriptions may be sent by mail in coin, post-office stamps, or bills, at the risk of the publisher. The name of the Post-Office, County and State where the paper is desired to be sent, should be plainly written. Address,

ALFRED E. BEACH,  
No. 86 Nassau-street, New-York City.

Two volumes are published annually. Back numbers and volumes always on hand for sale. Single copies 10 cents each, to be had at nearly all the Book and Periodical Stores in the country.

## THE PEOPLE'S PATENT OFFICE.

Invectors and others desiring to obtain Letters Patent for inventions, are requested to communicate directly with the Editor of the PEOPLE'S JOURNAL, by whom all the necessary documents are prepared, with the utmost fidelity and despatch. Patent business of every description promptly attended to. Persons wishing for information relative to Patents or Inventions, may at all times consult the undersigned, without charge, either personally at his office, or by letter. All communications and business strictly confidential. Patents promptly secured in England, France, and other foreign countries.  
ALFRED E. BEACH,  
Editor of the People's Journal, Patent Agent, etc.,  
w1t m1t No. 86 Nassau-Street, New-York.

## Suffolk Boar Westchester for Sale,

ONE year old; sire, from L. G. Morris' stock; dam, from the Stickney stock. Price, \$50. Address  
E. H. BLIVEN,  
Oct. 27—w2m1t.\* Bridgewater, Oneida Co., N. Y.

## Choice Fowls for Sale.

THE subscriber having devoted special attention for the last three years to the breeding of the finest fowls known, takes pleasure in the announcement that he keeps on hand and for sale, thorough breeds from the best stock of Brahma Pootras, Grey Chittagongs, White and Buff Shanghaes, Cochins Chinas, Black Spanish and Bolton Grey Fowls, on favorable terms. Orders by mail promptly attended to.  
Address  
E. H. BLIVEN,  
Oct. 27.—w2m1t.\* Bridgewater, Oneida Co., N. Y.

## Coldenham Nursery.

Seven miles west of Newburgh, Orange County, N. Y.

**TO NURSERYMEN, FRUIT GROWERS & DEALERS.**—The subscriber solicits the attention of all Tree planters, Nurserymen and dealers, to his present Stock of Fruit Trees, which is much larger than he has ever before offered. It embraces among others,

55,000 Apple Trees,

from 7 to 11 feet high and of thrifty growth; from \$12 to \$15 per hundred, and from \$100 to \$125 per thousand.

Also, a large assortment of Pear, Cherry, Plum, Apricot and Quince trees, Grape Vines, Gooseberries, Currants, Raspberries, &c. A large number of the celebrated "Great Bigarreau" Cherry, an outline and description of which is given in the Horticulturist of Jan'y, 1851.

Trees packed in moss with great care for transportation to any distance, and delivered in Newburgh, from which place boats go daily to New-York, Albany and Troy, or by New-York and Erie R. R.

Catalogues will be furnished to applicants.

Direct to Coldenham P. O., Orange county, N. Y.

LINDLEY M. FERRIS.  
10th Month 1st, 1853.—w1m1t.

**United States Agricultural Warehouse and Seedstore**  
No. 197 Water street, near Fulton street, New-York.

**MERCHANTS, Planters and Farmers,** in want of AGRICULTURAL and HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS or SEEDS, for shipping, plantation, farm or garden purposes, will please call and examine our extensive and superior assortment of goods in the above line, unsurpassed by any other house in the United States, for finish, material and workmanship, and of the most approved patterns; all of which we will sell on as good terms as any other house in this city.

We have among our assortment the far-famed and unequalled EAGLE D. & F. PLOWS, warranted to draw lighter and do as good work in sod or stubble ground, as any other Plow to be found in the United States.

We also have the highest premium Straw Cutters, Fan Mills, Grain Mills, Premium Stalk Cutters, Horse Powers, Thrashers and Separators of different kinds; Ketchum's celebrated Mowing Machine, unsurpassed; Hussey's Reaping Machine—also, McCormick's Cotton Gins, Cotton Presses, Hay and Hide Presses, Brick Machines, Harrows of all kinds, Sugar Mills for plantation use, Sugar Mills for grocer's use, Hand Store Trucks of all kinds, Mule Carts, Horse Carts, Farm Wagons, Wheel Barrows, Coal and Canal Barrows. In fact we have everything for shipping or using on plantation, arm or garden.  
JOHN MAYHER & CO.  
N. B. Guano, Bone Dust, Poudrette, Superphosphate of Lime, and other fertilisers. Jan 1, 1853—m&wtf.

## Suffolk Pigs.

SIX pairs of purely bred Suffolk Pigs, also breeding sows, for sale by  
C. J. HOLDEN,  
Sept. 15—21\* Walpole, N. H.



**New-York Agricultural Warehouse.**

**H**ORSE Powers, Threshers, Fan Mills, Smut Machines, Grain Drills, Hay Presses, Grain Mills, Corn and Cob Crushers, Cider Mills, and a large assortment of Plows and all kinds of Agricultural and Horticultural Implements.

Peruvian Guano, Super-phosphate of Lime, Bone Dust and other fertilizers of the most superior kinds.

R. L. ALLEN.

Aug. 18—w mtf. 189 & 191 Water-st., New-York.

**Orchard Grass.**

**3000** BUSHELS Orchard Grass, handsomely cleaned, and for sale at the Western Agricultural Warehouse of

MILLER & SHREVE,

August 25, 1853—w3m\* Louisville, Ky.

**Landscape Gardening.**

**M**R. MUNN begs to offer his services to gentlemen about building or altering their grounds. An extensive acquaintance with the Ornamental Grounds, Country Villas, and Cottage Residences of England, and of this country, combined with an inexpensive system of adapting the natural advantages of the situation to the purposes of pleasure grounds, have enabled Mr. M. to give satisfaction to numerous gentlemen to whom he can refer in New-York, Connecticut, Massachusetts and other States.

Address Mr. MUNN, Box 3,292 Post Office, New-York, or at J. M. Thorburn & Co.'s Seed Store, 15 John-st., New-York.

**Blue Grass.**

**5000** BUSHELS of choice Kentucky Blue Grass—All new Seed. The superior manner in which our seed is prepared for market, has given it a reputation altogether unequalled, wherever it has been sold. We are now prepared to fill orders to any extent.

MILLER & SHREVE,

Western Agricultural Warehouse, Louisville, Ky.

August 25, 1853—w3m

**Timothy Seed.**

**300** BBLs. soon to arrive fresh from the field, and to be unsurpassed in quality. The great pains we take in procuring all our seeds, induces us to recommend them with the utmost confidence to our friends. For sale by

MILLER & SHREVE,

August 25, 1853—w3m Louisville, Ky.

**Dorking Fowls.**

A few pair of white and speckled Dorkings for sale at \$3 per pair, by

T. A. COLE,

Oct. 3, 1853—wtf. Catskill, N. Y.

**Agricultural Implements.**

**STRAW AND STALK CUTTERS**—of all patterns. **CORN MILLS**—both of Iron and Burr Stone. **CORN AND COB CRUSHERS**—of Beals', Nichols' and Sinclair's make.

**ROAD SCRAPERS**—of several patterns. **FANING MILLS**—of all the best makers. **SAUSAGE STUFFERS AND CUTTERS**—of all patterns.

**VEGETABLE OR ROOT CUTTERS**—of approved kinds. **CORN SHELLERS**—for hand and horse power. **VEGETABLE BOILERS**—of Mott's and Bent's patterns. **GARDEN AND WHEEL BARROWS**—of iron and wood.

**HAY AND COTTON PRESSES**—Bullock's patent. **BRICK MACHINES**—of Hall's and other makers. **WAGONS AND CARTS.** **PLOWS**—of Prouty & Mears, Centre Draft, and Rich's Iron Beam **PLOWS**—Eagle, Massachusetts make, and Minor & Hortons.

For sale at the State Agricultural Warehouse, No. 25 Cliff Street, New-York. Nov. 1—tf.

**Albany Drain Tile Works,**

No. 60 Lancaster Street, Albany, West of Medical College,

**T**HE subscriber, successor to JOHN GOTT, formerly A. S. BABCOCK & CO., is prepared to furnish DRAIN TILE of both Horse Shoe and Sole patterns, at from \$12 to \$18 per 1000 pieces. The tile are more than a foot in length, and fully equal to any of American or Foreign manufacture. They are so formed as to admit water at every joint, and drain the land perfectly from 12 to 20 feet on each side, according to the nature of the soil.

Also, LARGE TILE for drains about dwellings, yards, &c., at from \$4 to \$8 per 100 pieces. Tile delivered at the docks and railroads free of cartage. Practical drainers, for laying Tile, furnished if desired.

Full directions for preparing ditches, laying tile, &c., will be sent free to those addressing the subscriber, post-paid. The tiles can be sent safely any distance. Orders are respectfully solicited. DAVID CALLANAN.

Sept. 15—w&mtf. Albany, N. Y.

**Super-phosphate of Lime.**

**I**N bags and barrels, made by C. B. DeBurgh, a warranted pure and genuine article, for sale by

GEO. DAVENPORT,

No. 5 Commercial, corner of Chatham-st., Boston, Agent for the manufacturer, with directions for use. Also, for sale, Ground Bone, Bone Dust, Burnt Bone, Guano, and Grass Seeds of reliable quality.

April 7—14—1t—mtf.

**Farmers, Attention!**

**T**HIS is the proper season to use LEINAU'S AMERICAN FERTILIZER upon your farms. This truly valuable manure can be had at \$25 per ton, or \$3.50 per barrel, of the proprietor. Try it. It is now on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, New-York, and any amount of names can be given of its successful use. Also, Guano and Poudrette, Phosphate of Lime and Aqua Ammonia.

G. A. LEINAU,

Aug. 18—m3t. No. 19 South Front-st., Philadelphia.

**Manures.**

**PERUVIAN GUANO**, 2½ to 2½ cents per pound. **BONE DUST**, when taken in equal quantities, \$2.25 per barrel.

**BONE SAWINGS**, separately, \$2.50 per barrel.

**PLASTER**, \$1 to \$1.25 per barrel.

**POTASH**, 3½ to 4 cents per pound.

**CHARCOAL**, \$1 per barrel.

**SULPHURIC ACID**, 2½ to 2½ cents per pound.

**SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME**, 2½ cents per pound.

**WOOD'S RENOVATING SALTS**, one cent per pound.

For sale at the State Agricultural Warehouse, No. 25 Cliff-street, New-York. LONGETT & GRIFFING.

Feb. 1—ctf.

**Fancy Fowls for Sale.**

**T**HE subscriber offers for sale one hundred pairs of Brahma Pootra, Shanghai, Cochinchina, and Bolton Greys, all warranted pure.

THO'S WRIGHT.

Utica, Nov. 1, 1853.—m3t

**Kentucky Farm for Sale.**

**T**HE subscriber offers for sale his Farm, consisting of 300 acres of good land, situated in Clark county, Ind., about twenty miles above Louisville, Ky., and one and a half miles from the Ohio river—200 acres under cultivation, and the remainder heavily timbered with blue ash, black walnut and sugar tree—woodland sowed in blue grass, with a good orchard and ten never failing springs; soil well adapted to blue grass, clover, corn and oats—peculiarly adapted to the grazing or dairy business, as it is near Louisville, and any amount of butter can be disposed of at the river to boats at the highest price—with a fine site for an overshot water mill. Price \$30 per acre. For further information address

Oct. 13—w2m2 F. R. MORTON, Shelbyville, Ky.

**Choice Fowls.**

**G**ENTLEMEN who may be desirous of procuring the best and largest China Fowls in this Country—Cochin China, Black, Brown, Buff or White Shanghaes. Also a few pair of Black Spaniards. All these fowls are from the best importations. All orders promptly attended to. Address post-paid 56 Schuyler street, Albany, N. Y.

November 1—m1t\* GEORGE ANDERSON.

**ANDRE LEROY,**

Nurseryman, - - - - Angers, France,

**H**ONORARY AND CORRESPONDING MEMBER, &c., of all the principal Agricultural Societies of Europe and America, begs to inform his friends, and the public in general, that he has just published his Catalogue for 1853, which is the most complete one ever made. All the prices and required information for the importation of all kinds of Trees, Shrubs, Evergreens, Stocks, Roses, &c., will be found in said Catalogue, which can be had free of charge, on application to the undersigned, who will receive and forward all orders, and attend to receiving and forwarding of the trees ordered, on arrival here. It is useless to add that Mr. LEROY possesses the largest NURSERY on the Continent. His experience in putting up orders for America, and the superior and reliable quality of all his trees, &c., is too well established to require any further notice. Orders should in all cases be sent to the undersigned in the fall, with information when the trees are to arrive here, and how they are to be forwarded. E. BOSSANGE.

Sept. 29—m3t.

138 Pearl-st., New-York.

**Super-phosphate.**

**N**O expense has been spared in the combination of this most fertilizing manure, which contains the natural properties of plants. It is superior to most of the articles offered for sale under the same name, and is inferior to none, although sold at a much lower price. It is put up in bags, at \$40 per ton, of 2000 lbs., cash.

Office of the New-York Super-phosphate Manufacturing Company, No. 159 West-street, New-York.

Aug. 18—w1t—m3t VICTOR R. KNOWLES, Agent.

**A Most Valuable Farm For Sale.**

**253** ACRES OF LAND lying on James river, 16 miles from Richmond. The "James River and Kanawha Canal"—now 200 miles long—passes through the farm, affording great facilities for the Richmond market. There are 70 acres of low grounds notorious for fertility; the residue is in good heart on red clay bottom. There is a bridge across the canal, to be kept up in perpetuity at the expense of the canal company. The dwelling and other buildings, are well adapted to the comfortable accommodation of a large family. The view of the James River and surrounding country, is highly picturesque. This is a rare opportunity to obtain a farm on James River, near Richmond, and which very seldom occurs. Further particulars may be obtained, by application, post-paid, to B. B. ALLEN, 19 Platt-street, N. Y., or to GODDIN & APPERSON, Richmond, Va.

Price \$6,500. Terms will be made to suit a purchaser, and the growing crops, implements, stock, &c., disposed of either at private or public sale, and immediate possession given. Sept. 22, 1853—m1t\*.

**To Flax Growers.**

**T**HE subscriber has invented and builds to order, a FLAX MACHINE, which, attended by two hands, is guaranteed to dress from three hundred to four hundred and fifty pounds of flax per day. The saving in labor and tow, by comparison, is considered equivalent to the cost of dressing flax by the best common machinery, used in this country and Europe. The new machine is made with care, to secure strength and durability, and can be run at a speed which requires more than two hands to attend it. Unrotted flax straw can be dressed by it. It can be driven by horse power or otherwise; and, being portable, can be sent any distance. For the present, the price of the machine complete, is \$400. Those who wish to obtain it in season to begin operations next autumn, will do well to apply soon.

S. A. CLEMENS.

Springfield, Mass., March 9, 1853.—m5f.

**Hay Press.**

**D**EDERICK'S PATENT HORIZONTAL PORTABLE HAY PRESS.—This Press is manufactured only by the subscribers, proprietors of the Premium Agricultural Works, Albany, N. Y. This Press was in the 16th No. of the Country Gentleman, and the June No. of the Cultivator. Since that time some very valuable and essential improvements have been made. A new and improved capstan has been invented, by which the horse, without being removed from the sweep, operates the follower both backward and forward, thereby dispensing with the windlass (seen in the cut) for drawing the follower back.

Dederick's Horizontal Press, as exhibited at the N. Y. State Fair in 1852, constructed so as to press from each end of the frame towards the center, by means of a single lever or toggle joint, has been abandoned as impracticable. Parallel levers, and pressing from one end of the frame, obviate all the objections against the original plan. The Horizontal Press, as thus improved and now manufactured by us, is universally admired and approved; its advantages, compared with the vertical or upright press, are too numerous to be specified in a limited notice. Descriptive circulars will be promptly sent upon application. Warranted to give satisfaction, or they may be returned. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

DEERING & DEDERICK,

Corner of Bleecker and Franklin sts., Albany, N. Y.

Sept. 22—w&mtf.

**Works on Horticulture.**

**P**RACTICAL Treatise on the Culture of the Grape Vine, by J. Fisk Allen. Third edition, enlarged and revised. Price \$1.00.

Practical Treatise on the Construction, Heating and Ventilation of Hot Houses, Graperies, &c., by Robert B. Leachars—\$1.00.

Gardening for Ladies, by Mrs. Loudon. Edited by A. J. Downing—\$1.25.

The American Fruit Culturist, by J. J. Thomas. Eighth edition—\$1.00.

Family Kitchen Gardener, by R. Buist—75 cents.

For sale at the office of the Cultivator, 395 Broadway.

**Election Notice.**

**S**HERIFF'S OFFICE, City and County of Albany, August 19th, 1853.—An election is to be held in the city and county of Albany, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November (the 5th day of November) next, at which time will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, a copy of which is herewith annexed.

JOHN McEWEEN, Sheriff.

**STATE OF NEW-YORK.**

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, August 18, 1853. }  
To the Sheriff of the County of Albany:

Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Secretary of State, in the place of Henry S. Randall;  
A Comptroller, in the place of John C. Wright;  
An Attorney General, in the place of Levi S. Chatfield;  
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of William J. McAlpine;

A State Treasurer, in the place of Benjamin Welch, junior;  
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of John C. Mather;  
A State Prison Inspector, in the place of William P. Angel;

Two Judges of the Court of Appeals—one in the place of Charles H. Ruggles, and one in the place of Hiram Denio, appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Freeborn G. Jewett;

A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Charles S. Benton;

All whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next, except that of Freeborn G. Jewett, which will expire the last day of December, 1857.

Also, a Justice of the Supreme Court for the Third Judicial District, in the place of Malbone Watson, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next;

Also a Senator for the Eleventh Senate District, in the place of Azor Taber, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.

County Officers also to be Elected for said County.

Four Members of Assembly;

Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Cornelius Van Derzee and Samuel O. Schoonmaker;

A District Attorney in the place of Andrew J. Colvin; all whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours respectfully,

Sept. 22 HENRY S. RANDALL, Secretary of State.

**Books for Farmers.**

**T**HE Farmer's Encyclopedia and Dictionary of Rural Affairs, embracing all the most recent discoveries in Agricultural Chemistry, by Cuthbert W. Johnson, Esq. Adapted to the United States by Gouverneur Emerson. One large vol., with plates—\$4.00.

The Progressive Farmer—A Scientific Treatise on Agricultural Chemistry, &c., applied to Practical Agriculture, by J. A. Nash—50 cents.

The American Farm Book, or Compend of American Agriculture, by R. L. Allen—\$1.00.

The American Muck Book, treating of all the principal fertilizers and manures in common use, with specific directions for their preparation, preservation and application to the soil and to crops, by D. J. Browne—\$1.00.

The Farmer's Dictionary—A vocabulary of the technical terms recently introduced into Agriculture and Horticulture, and also a compendium of Practical Agriculture, by D. P. Gardner, M. D.—\$1.50.

Norton's Elements of Scientific Agriculture—50 cents.

The Farmer's Manual—A Practical Treatise on the Nature and Value of Manures, by F. Falkner, Esq.—50 cents.

Johnston's Agricultural Chemistry—\$1.25.

For Sale at the office of the Cultivator, 395 Broadway.

**Devon Cows,**

**H**EIFERS, and Bull Calves—pure blood—for sale by

Feb. 1—mly.

B. V. FRENCH, Braintree, Mass.



## The Leisure Hour.

### The Blind Boy.

It was a blessed summer's day;  
The flowers bloomed, the air was mild,  
The little birds poured forth their lay,  
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on  
Beneath the deep wood's simple shade  
Till, suddenly, I came upon  
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged beech tree's foot  
A little boy and girl reclined;  
His hand in hers she gently put—  
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near—  
A tree concealed me from their view—  
But all they said I well could hear,  
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,  
"That little bird sings very long:  
So do you see him in his joy,  
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,  
"I see the bird on yonder tree."  
The poor boy sighed and gently said:  
"Sister, I wish that I could see!

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,  
And bright green leaves are on the trees,  
And pretty birds are singing there;  
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,  
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,  
And I can hear the notes that swell  
From those dear birds that God has made."

"So, sister, God to me is kind,  
Though sight, alas! He has not given;  
But tell me, are there any blind  
Among the children up in Heaven?"

"No dearest Edward, there all see;  
But why ask me a thing so odd?"  
"O Mary, He's so good to me,  
I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ere long disease his hand had laid  
On that dear boy so meek and mild,  
His widowed mother wept and prayed  
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,  
And said: "Oh, never weep for me;  
I'm going to a bright, bright place,  
Where Mary says I God shall see.

"And you'll come there, dear Mary, too;  
But mother, dear, when you come there,  
Tell Edward, mother, that 't is you—  
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,  
Until the final blow was given;  
When God took up that poor blind child,  
And opened first his eyes—in Heaven.

An editor, from whose selection we take these lines,  
has beautifully said that, for himself, he could not see  
to read them through.

### A Child's Love.

The editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, who  
knows better than any other living writer how to ren-  
der the thoughts and feelings of a child in fitting  
language, tells the following anecdote:—

A little fair haired boy was standing one day by his  
mother's side, when a poor woman, in whom she had  
taken a great interest, came in. A blue-eyed little girl-  
baby lay in her arms, and Willie stood on tip-toe to  
touch its soft cheek. "Oh I wish God would give me a  
little baby," murmured he, so earnestly that the woman  
promised to bring little Elsie very often to see him.  
'And may I have her for my own?' was the eager  
inquiry. 'I am poor,' said the woman, 'and have  
nothing but my baby Elsie; so I can't afford to give  
her away; but I'll sell her to you, and then she may  
be your own.'

With this promise the boy seemed satisfied.—  
Thenceforth, every penny he could obtain was put  
into a box, until he had half a dollar, all in pennies.  
These he produced on the re-appearance of the wo-  
man, and was assured it was enough, and that Elsie  
was his own; only her mother must take care of her  
until she was a larger girl.

After that Willie's plans were all for Elsie; she  
should have a piano; she was his 'little Elsie,' and

day after day she was brought to the house for his  
amusement, Willie always talked of her, and in im-  
agination, with her when he was alone at his plays.

One day Elsie died. The curtains closed for ever  
over the blue eyes whose beauty had won the heart  
even of that baby-boy; and his mother must break  
the sad news to him. So she took him on her knee,  
and folding her arms around him, asked whom he lov-  
ed best of all around him. 'I love my baby best.'  
'Well, if God loved your baby just as much as you  
do, and wanted her in heaven, would you be willing  
to let him have her?' 'No, I want to keep my  
baby: God has got enough babies up in heaven, and  
he don't want any more: I want to keep Elsie for  
me.' Then the mother, kissing her boy, told him that  
the good God had taken Elsie home to be with him for  
ever.

Willie slid from his mother's lap, and all day long  
he mourned silently for 'baby.' He neither ate nor  
played, but sat upon his little chair, or leaned his  
head sadly on his mother's knee. At evening, she  
missed him; and entering her private room, found  
him kneeling on the floor, with head uplifted, and one  
dimpled arm high stretched. 'Don't talk,' said he,  
as she approached; 'I'm praying God to make my  
arm long enough to reach up to heaven, and get my  
little Elsie down!'

'Sweet boy! his hands were steady until the going  
down of the sun, but he prevailed not.

TO THE LADIES GENERALLY.—An anonymous  
"Doctor" communicates the accompanying lines to  
the *Poughkeepsie Eagle*. The moral is much better  
than the poetry:—

One of the most ridiculous things  
That Fashion from over the ocean brings  
From her home in the City of Paroe  
Is the one our girls have, of changing their names,  
Not in the way they may lawfully claim  
New ones, when they chance to marry;

But by adding a couple of vowels or so,  
To the names by which they're accustomed to go,  
It seems is now the fashion;  
The romping, enchanting, untameable maid,  
As well as the damsel, demure and staid,  
Is equally seized with the passion.

Its getting common. The other night,  
When Sarah, the cook, in the bright moonlight,  
Was talking with Pat in the alley;  
She was overheard saying, she loved him, but that  
She would never, no never, become Mrs. Pat,  
If he did not address her as Sallie.

The beautiful name of Caroline,  
To make it square with Fashion's line,  
Is barbarized into Carrie;  
Fannie is flirting now, not Fan,  
Annie is waltzing now, not Ann,  
Not Mary's the beauty, but Marie.

HUMOROUS ANECDOTES.—A Kentucky traveller,  
dining at a large hotel in Albany, was annoyed by  
the showing-off of some of the members of the Assem-  
bly, who kept calling each other from their respective  
counties, after this fashion—"I'll thank the gentle-  
man from Oneida," &c., &c.,—whereupon the Ken-  
tuckian said to a huge darkey waiter, "I'll thank the  
gentleman from Africa for a slice of ham." This  
cooled off the fashion of addressing the gentlemen  
from —, —, and so and so.

A few years since, when the Rev. Dr. Hawks, the  
celebrated Episcopal clergyman, was about leaving  
New York for the South, he was waited upon by the  
vestry-men of a small church of Westchester county,  
and urgently solicited to take charge of the same.  
The Rev. Doctor graciously received the committee,  
but respectfully declined the proposition, urging as a  
chief objection, that the salary, though large for the  
parish they represented, would be inadequate for his  
expenses, having a considerable family of small chil-  
dren to educate and provide for. One of the commit-  
tee replied:

"The Lord will take care of them; he has promised  
to hear the young ravens when they cry, and to pro-  
vide for them."

"Very true," said the reverend gentlemen; "but  
he has not promised to provide for the young hawks."

A young lady at Newport, who was about leaving  
the "gay and festive scene" which the parlors of the  
"Ocean" presented, with the intention of retiring for  
the night, turned to her friend, and remarked—  
"Well, Mary, I've done my duty; I have seen all  
the clothes, and everybody has seen mine! so I shall  
now go up stairs. Good night." What could be more  
graphic. The very mottoes of a fashionable water-  
ing place—to see and to be seen!

An old maid in Connecticut, being at a loss for a pin-  
cushion, made use of an onion. On the following  
morning she found that all the needles had tears in  
their eyes,

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—  
Despise woman? No! She is the most admirable  
handiwork of God, in her true place and character.  
Her place is at man's side. Her office, that of the  
sympathizer; the unreserved, unquestioning believer;  
the recognition, withheld in every other manner, but  
given, in pity, through woman's heart, lest man should  
utterly lose faith in himself; the echo of God's own  
voice, pronouncing, "It is well done!" All the sepa-  
rate action of woman is, and ever has been, and al-  
ways shall be, false, foolish, vain, destructive of her  
own best and holiest qualities, void of every good ef-  
fect, and productive of intolerable mischiefs! Man is  
a wretch without woman; but woman is a monster—  
and, thank Heaven, an almost impossible and hitherto  
imaginary monster—without man as her acknowledged  
principal! As true as I had once a mother whom I  
loved, were there any possible prospect of woman's  
taking the social stand which some of them—poor,  
miserable, abortive creatures, who only dream of such  
things because they have missed woman's peculiar  
happiness, or because nature made them really neither  
man nor woman—if there were a chance of their at-  
taining the end which these petticoated monstrosities  
have in view, I would call upon my own sex to use its  
physical force, that unmistakable evidence of sove-  
reignty, to scourge them back within their proper  
bounds! But it will not be needful. The heart of  
true womanhood knows where its own sphere is, and  
never seeks to stray beyond it!

GOVERNING CHILDREN.—We have known religious  
parents who purposely checked, and crossed, and dis-  
appointed their children, as a system of home educa-  
tion, in order, as they alleged, to break the natural  
will, and thus make it easier for them, in after-life,  
to deny self and practice virtue. When we see such  
a course pursued, we think of the child's remark  
when asked why a certain tree grew crooked—"Some-  
body trod upon it, I suppose, when it was a little fel-  
low."

Childhood needs direction and culture more than  
repression. There is a volume of sound truth in these  
lines:—

"He who checks a child with terror,  
Stops its play and stills its song,  
Not alone commits an error,  
But a great and moral wrong.

"Give it play and never fear it,  
Active life is no defect;  
Never, never break its spirit,  
Curb it only to direct.

"Would you stop the flowing river.  
Thinking it would cease to flow?  
Onward it must flow for ever;  
Better teach it where to go."—*Home Gazette*.

The Chinese have some curious sarcastic ex-  
pressions. Overdoing a thing they call "a hunchback  
making a bow," and a blustering, harmless fellow,  
they denominate "a paper tiger."

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